

# JACKSONVILLE REPUBLICAN.

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NO. 14.

## SUGGESTIONS TO BUYERS.

Every thinking business man, after taking inventory, draws from his past experience such figures and lessons as will help his future. Every such man engaged in the ordinary lines of merchandising, who has had the average experience, has discovered a constant tendency toward a shrinkage of either his percentage of profit or the volume of his business.

## THE ONLY ONE PRICE

One of the first of his conclusions has therefore been: "one thing is certain, I must either increase sales or reduce expenses." After carefully considering the latter expedient, he finds, (if a good manager) but little room for improvement. Inferior accommodations or help he usually decides will prove poor economy. He is therefore shut up to the "increase sales" idea. But that's the "rub." How is it to be accomplished? If honest, he will not stoop, to the "fake" of a mock "closing out" sale that don't close out. Neither will he adopt the other method of reduction of prices that are not bona fide, but only pretended.

## CLOTHING HOUSE

In the long run there are only two things that will grow a business. One of them is NEVER ADVERTISE A FALSEHOOD, and the other is REPRESENT GOODS AS THEY ARE. We are the Only One Price Clothing House in Anniston. We allow none of our employees to misrepresent goods to make a sale. The penalty for so doing is dismissal at once. All of our goods are marked in plain figures. Houses that have two or three prices have no price to mark down from. We will forfeit one hundred dollars to any one who can beat us down one dime.

IN ANNISTON.

## THE "FAMOUS"

NOBLE AND TENTH STREET, ANNISTON, ALA.

## Healthiest Place in the State.

(as shown by report of State Health Officer)

## "THE IRON QUEEN HOTEL."

At Jacksonville, Alabama,

On the E. T. & G. Railroad, 2500 ft.

Has been completed and will be formally opened to the public July 15th. This hotel has been built by a company at large expense, specially to accommodate the large influx of summer visitors to Jacksonville every year. It has all modern conveniences, such as hot and cold baths, gas light and electric call bells in every room and is elegantly upholstered from top to bottom. The hotel will be kept to a high standard of excellence and comfort of guests will be carefully looked after. Rates of board from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per month. Special rates made to families. For further information address

MAURICE FRANK,  
JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA.

## T. R. WARD,

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS,  
SHOES, NOTIONS & C.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

In addition to my stock kept at the old stand beyond the Depot, I have recently placed a nice and select stock of DRY GOODS and GROCERIES at the Woodward corner on the public square, where my customers can be well served.

## New Goods---Select Stock.

Call and examine my stock at either store before purchasing elsewhere. may 26th T. R. WARD.

## JUST RECEIVED

—A LARGE LINE OF—

## FALL AND WINTER GOODS

A. L. Stewart & Bro.,

EAST SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE, JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

## Attractions in Every Line.

These goods are fresh from the Eastern markets and will be sold at prices that will be sure to please customers.

## Give our Stock an Inspection.

COTTON BOUGHT & SOLD.

### WHERE WISDOM LIES.

When your road seems excessively rocky and rough,  
And disaster comes booming along;  
When the humdrum of life is decidedly tough,  
And every big venture goes wrong;  
When fair weather friends are no longer your friends,  
And you lose, as you make it, each bet;  
When to keep up your trouble Old Nick is aid hands,  
It is wisdom, my boy, to forget.

When the frowns you meet daily dispense all your smiles,  
And your nerve is inclined to cry quits;  
When you fall a soft victim to coquetry's wiles,  
And are nearly bent of your wife's;  
When you down on your luck and the devil's to pay,  
And your eyes with despair's tears are wet,  
Just get a good grip on your collar and say:  
"It is wisdom, my boy, to forget."

When a long cherished project is knocked to the head,  
And you're left early "holding the bag";  
When Glee takes its flight and Gloom in its stead  
Makes a subject of you for the wag;  
When there isn't a sign of a rift in the cloud,  
Nor a slip of sweet solace to get;  
When you feel all alone in a big bustling crowd,  
It is wisdom, my boy, to forget.

When you see, as you look over your shoulder, a trail  
Of calamities trailing along,  
And there isn't the least bit of cheer in the strain  
That you dimly pipe to your song;  
When existence is hollow and tasteless and glum,  
And your soul is consumed with regret;  
When you're tempted to lapse from the man to the "hum,"  
It is wisdom, my boy, to forget.

—Kirk La Shelle.

### FARMER JOHN.

Old John Sanbourn—"Farmer John" his neighbors called him—was a very energetic and successful farmer in the great wooded belt of central Wisconsin. The heavy timber of nearly two hundred acres had melted before his branny arm, and months at a time the ring of his heavy ax had accompanied the sun from its rising to its going down. Great farm buildings had risen slowly by the rude sheds which were first called home, and droves of sheep and cattle fed where the one cow and unbroken steers first found pasture.

Farmer John had fairly met all the discouragements usual in pioneer life, and aided only by his equally energetic wife, had honestly acquired a competence. That he was an honorable neighbor and a fair dealer none could deny, but somehow, as the years passed and the farm was improved, there had grown up toward him on the part of his neighbors a feeling of distrust and aversion.

As a rule, they called him honest but "close." Some of them thought him selfish. "The almighty dollar's all his after," was the often repeated remark of uncharitable neighbors, who, less thrifty and industrious than he, found it hard to feed their large families, much less accumulate stock buildings and machinery, as Farmer John had done.

The fact was, when John Sanbourn came into the new country, times were extremely hard, and it required strict economy to make the few dollars he had brought with him from the east provide for his wants until he raised his first crop. A poor harvest and a still poorer market in the second year caused Farmer John to pinch almost to the verge of nakedness and starvation. A habit of closeness was thus formed, which time did not diminish, and which grew in the eyes of his neighbors into a fault of the most exaggerated dimensions.

One little grave had been made during these troubled years, and another trouble which we shall presently mention had contributed to leave the old man as we find him—overworked, morose and selfish.

On this particular morning he seemed rather more surly and gloomy than usual. It was just as the spring work was beginning, and the never ending round of toil was swelling into even greater proportions than usual. On every hand, look where he would, there was something to be done, and to his business eye there was no more chance for a resting spell than there had been thirty years before.

"Something must be wrong, yes, something must be wrong," he repeated to himself, as he walked on up the wide lane leading to the old barn.

Something was wrong. Like a good many men who are anxious to do well, and have little to do with, Farmer John had saved and worked till he thought of nothing but saving and working. Ambitious as he was, he dreaded to see any of the boys start out in life unless he started well, and above all he could not bear the thought of one of them marrying into a family not well supplied with money or land. So when the oldest boy, Will, had reached his twenty-second year, and began to call occasionally on the Widow Baldwin's bright little Helen, it surprised no one to hear that his father had told him to stop going there, or to leave the farm.

Will was deeply attached to the old place and had worked faithfully every day since he was big enough to pile brush. So on the morning when the old man found the breakfast a little late and Will's mother trying to hide the tears when she called him, he was not prepared to hear that he had gone—gone one knew where.

Although in his heart the father felt as badly as any one, he was still inexorable and declared that no boy of his should marry a beggar—no, not if he never saw him again. So Will went away, and the autumn and winter came and went, and the spring's work was upon them, with all the extra labor Will's absence entailed.

Thus things stood when we find the old man talking to himself along the path to the great red barn. The boys had gone over to the hill pasture to repair the wall before turning in the stock, which, impatient to go, was still fed at the barn.

Farmer John had come up in the middle of the forenoon to look after things and carry back a jug of fresh water, and while there he stopped at the barn to feed out a little before going to the house. He had thrown some stalks over to the sheep and cows, shored a bright bit of hay to the new horse, and now after giving old Kit all the oats she

needed, found himself with a large surplus left.

Just what to do with it did not seem to come to him at once. So, mechanically leaning his fork against the pile, he sat down upon it. Yes, sat down to think, and the way he did it, and that he did it at all, showed he began thinking before he sat down.

That Farmer John should stop work, and above all in the middle of a bright forenoon, was something quite out of his usual way of proceeding. Farmer John seldom did think much, and what thinking he did was generally done upon his feet; but whether this particular morning found him in a more troubled state than common, or the great pile of soft hay proved too much of a temptation for his tired legs, here we find him.

"Well, well," he exclaimed, as he removed the worn straw hat and rested the sunburned arns on his knees, "there's no use talking! I've had 'bout all I can stand of this. It's high noon thirty years since we rolled up the old log stalks that used to stand here, and sakes alive we thought then I couldn't stand much more."

Here he paused, and while the cool breeze through the great door fanned the wrinkled face, his mind seemed away back—back "high onto thirty years."

"Poor Mary!" and as he continued a tender light came into the hard gray eyes. "I can see her now as she stood that night after they were all gone. How good she was! How helpfully she talked! 'You'll soon have the roof on, John,' she said, 'and then you can take it easier. Shant' we be glad when 'tis all over with?' Yes, yes, we thought then that sometime 'twould be all over with; but that time seems never to come, never to come."

The sunlight on the floor moved farther along. Little Bright had lain down for his midday nap, and still the gray head was bowed, and no fresh water found its way back over the hill to the boys.

Thus an hour passed. Then old Kit, who had stopped chewing, and with drooping eyes was living over colthood days, was suddenly brought back to the present by the old man hurriedly getting to his feet.

"Deats all beats all what I've been thinking about all these years!" he burst out. "We've had enough an' ter spare for the last fifteen of 'em, and here I am working 'em all to death in myself, too—for well, for nobody knows what I'll stop it, yes, I declare I will! Mary's too old to work this way, and I oughter seen it before. I'll turn over a new leaf, an' if I only dared to, I'd go clear down ter Wilber Baldwin's and tell 'em I'm ashamed of myself, blamed if I wouldn't!"

Here he stopped a moment for breath; then went on: "Fraps tain't just the thing ter go pokin' down there 'bout bein' asked, after all's been said; but then I'll go, yes, I will." They can't more'n tell me to leave."

Here the old man hurried out of the door, and casting a side glance at the sun, at once set out for the kitchen door.

"No mistake," he repeated, as he walked along, "was a little too hard on the boy. 'Will worked hard and was good to me, always was. I took a poor girl when I started, an' I've never seen a rich one I'd trade her for,' and on he went up the cool back steps into the kitchen.

"Mary!"

"Yes, John!" came from the cellar-way, whence Mrs. Sanbourn was bringing a large pan of potatoes, a half dozen turnips and a cabbage.

"What did you want, John?" she asked, placing the future dinner on the table and resting her hands on the sides of the pan.

"Oh, nothin'. Only wanted to know where you was, kinder; and then, seeing the worn look on the once handsome face, added:

"You're pretty tired, Mary?"

"Well, no, not more than usual, but somehow, John, I'm always tired nowadays."

"Well, Mary, you look tired, that's sartin'; but I— Here the old man found it hard to proceed, for visions of the Mary in the past and the Mary now, of the little Will and the Will of today, came too vividly before his troubled face.

Mrs. Sanbourn, noticing this, hastened to ask if anything was wrong.

"Oh, no, dono's there is. Thought I'd stop in an' rest a bit. Somehow I don't seem ter stand as much this spring's common. But as I's goin' ter say, I'm goin' ter turn over a new leaf, Mary, an' an' an' Will, Will didn't do so very bad, after all. You know I—"

Here the old man looked up again, and seeing the great tears starting to Mary's faded eyes, caught up the big dipper, and saying something about a cool drink at the spring, hurried out. When he got to the spring, he didn't drink at all, but leaving the dipper on the stones, passed out of the big gate into the road.

Here he stopped, looked up and down again, went on a little, then stopped again.

"Wonder if I'd better? Can't hear from Will 'I don't, that's sartin'." Then after a moment's pause, "Yes, I'll go now! If it's put off, 'twon't be done, that's all. I can tell 'em just how 'tis. Mother's dyin' ter see Will, an'—well, yes, an' I am, too, for that matter. I'll 'low 'twon't be made the rumpus. They'll know where Will is, an' I'll know, too, 'fore this road sees my boots again, see 'I don't!"

With this he gave the old hat a vigorous jam to gain courage, and started off with long strides toward the clump of maples that hid the widow's cottage.

"Good mornin', Wilson!" he called to a passing neighbor, "I'd like ter speak to ye just a moment."

With a puzzled look the driver stopped and gazed earnestly at the old man.

"Well, Wilson, how 'bout that forty acres—want it yet?"

"Want it? I supposed you knew I wanted it badly enough. But what's the use? I can't pay all down, and you can, so I guess you'd get it."

"Well, I do know 'bout that, Wilson. It would square out your sixty, and make ye an even hundred. Ye oughter

have it, an' can for all me. I've got two hundred now—an' it's goin' ter kill me an' all the rest of 'em ter run that. An' 'bout the money—ef ye aint got nuff why I have, an' jist's soon let ye have two or three hundred for a year or so's not. I'm somethin' of a hurry, Wilson, but mind, I mean what I say. Good mornin'."

"Good mornin'," repeated the astonished Wilson, as with open mouth he looked after the retreating figure of the farmer.

"What under the sun's got into him—can it really be the old man?" he thought to himself. Yes, there was no mistaking those home made suspenders—both fastened to one overworked button.

Though Neighbor Wilson was completely thunderstruck, and rode with his head twisted round, looking after the object of his astonishment till he was nearly thrown from his wagon by a bad stump, he was still the happiest man in all the Badger state. Then he turned and drove furiously back home to astonish his family with the glad news.

All this time the cause of his past misery and present happiness was making good time toward the dreaded interview. He had not intended to stop again, but a cheery "Good mornin', Mr. Sanbourn," from the yard of a poor renter near the maples, broke the current of his thoughts just as he was preparing himself to meet the worst.

"That you, Martha? Well, good mornin'. I'm in a hurry, but glad ye spoke after all. How'd ye like goin' up an' helpin' Mrs. Sanbourn for a couple weeks or such a matter, praps longer? That is if ye mother can spare ye. I'll do what's right by ye—two dollars a week—if that'll do. It's most too much for Mrs. to feed an' sun an' all. Go right up an' help her get dinner, ef yer can, 'n' I'll pay ye from this mornin'."

The girl was as much astonished as Neighbor Wilson had been. She had helped them once before in "threshing time" and got only a dollar for a week's hard work. Compared with this, the present offer was dazzling. So before her employer was many rods away she was off, with a light heart, to help at the great white house.

Naturally a bashful man, Farmer John as he opened the gate almost wished himself at work again in the pasture. But his mind was made up, and brushing the layed from his overalls, he re-adjusted the old hat, rolled down his sleeves and started in.

The next appearance of the walk and other evidences of thrift which abounded were not lost on the visitor. He knocked on the door and Mrs. Baldwin met him with a puzzled look on her face, but gave him a kindly "good morning," and when he entered Helen herself offered him the great armchair.

The pale face and troubled eyes of the girl were kind enough, but something in her sent a pang of pity into the old man's softening heart. He had always said it was only the money Will might get that made her partial to him, but during the day he had thought there might be something else, and now he knew there was.

"Pretty fair weather for the time of year," he let length said, after an awkward silence in which the measured tick of the old clock seemed to gain in volume at every swing.

He would not have said even this had he known what the weather was, for a strong spring shower had been gathering, and was about to break on the cottage. A moment later it did break, and what to do or say next the old man did not know.

When he came in they were about to spread the table for dinner, and after some delay country manners demanded that they should proceed. Farmer John watched them closely, hoping a third plate would not make its appearance on the snowy cloth. But it was placed there, and when dinner was ready Mrs. Baldwin, with a pleasant smile, asked him to sit up and eat with them.

In vain the old man declared he was not hungry—that he had just eaten a very late breakfast—and that he hadn't a very good appetite anyway. The rain kept pouring down, and in spite of himself Farmer John found himself seated at the table with Helen and her mother.

As soon as they were seated Mrs. Baldwin glanced quickly at her neighbor, and then proceeded to ask a plain, old fashioned blessing. Farmer John had asked blessing—but that was before the new barn was built—for somehow during the hurry and worry of the time, blessings were often left out, and finally dropped altogether. To be sure they were renewed the spring little Ben's sleeping place was chosen from the warm room off the kitchen to the narrow bed in the old orchard, but only for a year or so, and now it was never done.

Perhaps the old man's conscience was disturbed by this omission—we cannot say as to that—but somewhere in his respect heart there was a lingering regret for those who did not omit it that gave them a warm corner where warm corners were exceedingly scarce. Nor can we say whether it was this or the desire to say something in the right place that caused him at the close of the blessing to astonish his hostess with a very hearty amen.

Of course Mrs. Baldwin and her daughter were puzzled as to the object of the old man's visit. Mrs. Baldwin thought possibly it was some matter of business, but his evident embarrassment about introducing it was inexplicable.

Helen, who never thought of John Sanbourn except in connection with Will Sanbourn, feared his visit boded no good for the absent boy.

But they had not long to wait.

"I do know 'bout jist's 's soon tell ye what I come for first as last. 'Taint no pleasant job, I know, but I felt 's though I didn't do jist tight toward ye in the matter 'bout Will, an' I want to tell ye that I'm ashamed w' myself. I—I was too hasty altogether."

This was not exactly what he had meant to say, but it was all he could say, and it had to do.

Mrs. Baldwin, greatly astonished, managed to say that there was nothing for him to be ashamed of. They always believed he did what he thought would be

for the best, and had no reason to think he had done otherwise in this matter. Helen was too much overcome to speak, but when the old farmer extended his hand and asked her to overlook the past and he would do better by Will, the dark eyes filled and the girlish form shook with emotion.

Farmer John had winked back a good many tears in his day, but this proved a little more of that kind of work than even he could manage, and one after another the great tears rolled down his face.

Mrs. Baldwin was about to make some further remark, when a step on the front stoop attracted their attention, and in a moment more Will Sanbourn stood before the astonished trio. Helen sprang toward him first, but Farmer John was a close second, and grasping him warmly by the hand extended a most hearty welcome.

An hour later the sun broke through the clouds, and shortly after five o'clock could be seen dodging the paddles along the road leading by one of the best farms in Central Wisconsin. One of the men was a little bowed, with one hand resting on his back just where two wide, knit suspenders met. The other a little taller, upright and strongly built, was trying to keep up with him. Which was happier of the two it would be hard to tell.

It is just four years today since then, and Will, with a strong hired man, is in the same back field, mending the old pasture wall. The other boys are away at school, and as we are passing so near the old farm house, let us peep into the open door of the long front room.

The two elderly ladies by the window were seen before. And the peaceful peace on the face of one of them tells that the time when "twill be all over with" has really come.

A young woman with dark, earnest eyes is flitting back and forth to the kitchen helping the girl with the dinner, while every step is taken lightly, as off and on furtive glances are cast toward the well worn lounge in the corner. For don't you see a chubby 2-year-old, with a pair of gold bowed spectacles in his dimpled fist, has fallen asleep on grandpa's arm, and grandpa is sleeping too?

We did not intend to say anything about the baby's name and will not. But you can always tell when the thin looks are pulled a little too hard, by the way the old man says—"Johnny!"—Millard Greeley in Youth's Companion.

Poisoning from Tooth Plates.

The coloring matter of rubber false tooth plates is chiefly some oxide of metal, that of lead being of a bright red, while the oxides of bismuth, antimony, aluminum and manganese will give the rubber the brown color running to maroon and the pink is obtained from aniline colors.

But it is not in the metallic oxides used in the preparation of rubber that danger lies (as the percentage of rubber soon months is so small—one in 50,000), but in the vulcanization itself, which instead of converting the prepared rubber as received from the depots into vulcanite can be by careless conversion into a porous plate, containing hundreds of thousands of minute holes, each able to absorb and retain the fermentation from food products, and by its presence constantly against the tissues of the mouth cause blood poison. This porosity is caused by overheating the rubber, thereby converting the sulphur in the mass into sulphurous acid, destroying the fiber of the rubber by decomposition and setting free the metallic oxides. Whereas, if rubber is cured or vulcanized properly, at a temperature never exceeding 280 to 300 degs. Fahrenheit, it will retain its elastic fibers intact; the sulphur will be in its natural state, permeating the rubber and holding the coloring matter so hermetically sealed in its substance that no moisture will dissolve; even strong sulphuric acid will not touch it.

It is the duty of those making rubber plates to attend to these details in the process of manufacture, but where dentist is sought after, hurry is the result and the consequence very dangerous.—Annals of Hygiene.

Mountain Air.

The health giving influence of mountain air has long been recognized, but the most emphatic indorsement of the "Highland Cure Plan" is now furnished by the report of Professor C. M. Woodford, who passed several months among the cannibals of the Solomon Islands. The main island of the group, he informs us, is inhabited by cannibals in man meat, who select their victims from the hill tribes of the neighboring isles, having found their flavor as superior to that of the coast dwellers as venison is to veal. The beneficiaries of the archipelago probably heard their mothers-in-law at some convenient highland resort before salting them down for winter use.—New York Telegram.

The Use of Words.

Words and their uses again. Some queer phrases come to the Listener's ear in the course of a twelvemonth. Here is one word, told of by a friend, which is quite new. To this friend a woman, speaking the other day of her surroundings and home, her neighbors, more especially, said:

"We have very little society—very few callers; we find we don't congregate very well with the people about here!"

Possibly the trouble was that the people really did congregate because they didn't like partingingtons. But what she meant was probably congenial.—Boston Transcript.

A Valuable Book.

A Frenchman named Cayro, who has been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for burglary in the suburbs of Paris, is the author of a work called "The Manual of the Perfect Burglar." No doubt he shall soon have a translation of this important work issued in a cheap and popular form for circulation in this country in the interests of technical education.—London Globe.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 25 cents per bottle. Sold by Hough & McManus.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cent. Nasal Injector free. Sold by Hough & McManus.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. Sold by Hough & McManus.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold by Hough & McManus.

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## GROUND BROKEN.

### THE CHATTAHOOGA SOUTHERN RAILROADS OPERATIONS.

Another Railroad for Chattanooga Goes to Work With Every Prospect of Speedy Completion.

### CEREMONIES AT THE STATE LINE.

Detailed Account of the Formal Breaking of Dirt--Scores of People Witness the Scene--What the Road Is and Where It Will Run.

Chattanooga Times--March 29th.

Dirt was broken yesterday on the Chattanooga Southern.

The promoters of this great enterprise are in dead earnest and mean business.

The road is an assured fact and is a distinctively Chattanooga enterprise.

Yesterday afternoon the initial step in the building of the Chattanooga Southern railroad was taken by the breaking of ground on the line dividing Tennessee and Georgia.

Quite a number of Chattanooga citizens were on hand, including several ladies. Among those present were some of our representative people, and the Times scribe noted the following: W. B. Garvin, D. P. Henderson, A. R. Thomas, Mr. Woodburn, Col. Tom Fort, Hon. Wm. Crutchfield, J. C. Henderson, Rev. J. W. Bachman, Rev. J. P. Richardson, M. M. Frye, J. G. Rawlings, Thomas H. Newman, Thomas Webster, Frank Crutchfield, Robert Sharp, John Thurman and many others whose names we did not learn.

Hon. Wm. Crutchfield, the prime mover in an enterprise which promises so much for Chattanooga and the section of country through which the Chattanooga Southern will pass, and the president of the company, called upon Rev. Dr. Bachman to ask the divine blessing upon the work about to be begun. Dr. Bachman responded in an eloquent prayer.

Hon. Wm. Crutchfield, in a characteristic speech, briefly outlined the history and objects of the proposed road. He stated that the section of country through which it would pass abounded in mineral and coal wealth undeveloped, and that the completion of this road would result in the opening up of as rich a section as existed on the inhabitable globe. He predicted a great future for Chattanooga, and compared the valley through which the Chattanooga Southern would pass to a great horn with Chattanooga as its mouth. His remarks were brief, but to the point.

Col. Tom Fort reviewed Chattanooga's railroad interests, which had contributed so much to the growth and upbuilding of the city. He gave it as his opinion that no railroad now entering Chattanooga was of so much importance to its material growth as the proposed road would prove to be. All other roads had asked and required and obtained aid by bonds or subscriptions but the Chattanooga Southern asked nothing of the city except the right of way into its limits and ground for its depots.

Col. Fort paid a feeling tribute to the pluck and patriotism of Col. Crutchfield, the originator of the enterprise, and also to Mr. C. E. James, for the active interest he was taking in its furtherance.

Very appropriately, the little grandchildren of Col. Crutchfield (the daughters of J. C. Henderson) threw the first dirt. The beginning of the road is directly on the State line--and Georgia and Tennessee dirt was lifted at the same time with one spade. Mrs. Wm. Crutchfield, Mrs. J. C. Henderson and others took part in the dirt shoveling.

The charter for the incorporation of the company was obtained from the Georgia Legislature September 24, 1887. The incorporators were Wm. Crutchfield, Robert Dougherty, John Y. Wood, C. W. Everett, Hiram Smith, Fletcher Smith, G. W. Hill and J. C. Henderson.

The officers are: Wm. Crutchfield, president; Robert Dougherty, vice-president; John Y. Wood, treasurer; J. W. Harris, secretary.

Work on the road would have been begun a year ago, but for the trouble of securing right-of-way. These troubles have all been adjusted, and nothing will now interfere with the rapid push of the work.

The five miles of the road now under contract will be completed within sixty days.

For the present the road will be run in connection with the Union Railway company's lines, with which it connects, but as soon as the rights of way into Chattanooga and depot grounds are secured a separate and shorter line into the city will be made.

A depot will be built at once at Blowing Springs, and work will be pushed from both ends of the five miles proposed to be built now.

The section of country through which the road passes abounds in mineral wealth and iron ores and passes through one of the richest agricultural valleys adjacent to Chattanooga. It has a quality of iron almost inexhaustible, which Chattanooga has not--hematite in addition to fossiliferous ore.

It can be cheaply built, for there is not a cut or fill between Chattanooga and McInenore's cove, a distance of twenty-seven miles, over fifteen feet.

Alpine, on the Georgia-Alabama State line, is the proposed terminus of the road. A distance of

posed to extend the road to Anniston, Ala., a distance of twenty-four miles, where it will connect with the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia, Louisville & Nashville and Cincinnati & Anniston roads.

WHAT IS ASKED OF CHATTAHOOGA.

The company asks no aid in the way of bonds or subscriptions to the stock of the company. It simply wants the right of way into the city and grounds for depots. These rights secured, the company will not have the slightest trouble in placing its bonds at par, in which event the road will be pushed to completion in a very short time. The promoters of the enterprise are sanguine that the matter will be satisfactorily arranged. A committee has been appointed by the Chamber of Commerce to manage the affair.

ALABAMA IN BRIEF.

Opelika wants an ice factory.

Guntersville is now adorned with street lamps.

Sportmen of Russell practice on doves instead of pigeons.

The new Presbyterian church at Sheffield will be dedicated.

Two blacksmiths' shops at Hayneville were burglarized Tuesday.

Two hundred laborers are employed on the Huntsville dummy line.

Lamar county grand jury found 63 bills at its recent session.

The Calhoun county Alliance meets next Wednesday, April 3, at Ashbury.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Tusculum Methodist church netted \$106 at their recent bazar.

A vein of coal averaging four feet in thickness was struck in Carbon Hill shaft, No. 2, on last Tuesday morning.

The Methodists of Gainesville have completed repairs on their church and proudly claim the handsomest edifice in West Alabama.

The cotton seed oil mill closed down Friday for want of seed. After the cotton is planted, if a sufficient supply of seed can be obtained, the mill will make another run.--Tusculum Gazette.

Mr. George G. Eldridge, son of the president of the Troy Normal School, has been elected by the trustees of the Orion Academy to take charge of that institution the coming scholastic year.

Dr. Jones claims to have the smartest boy in town. His name is Paul, and he is hardly three months old. His father says he can turn himself in bed and adjust the cover to suit himself.--Warrior Index.

Dan Ward, the young man who shot and killed Ed. Burke last Friday evening in Birmingham, is a son of Mr. I. H. Ward, a former citizen of Prattville, who has many warm friends here.--Prattville Progress.

The Lamar County Medical Society met in called session on Tuesday, 26th inst. Dr. D. D. Hollis was chosen delegate to the State Convention at Mobile, and Dr. W. L. Martin, alternate.

The young people of the city pass many enjoyable evenings skating. Last night a joyous throng gathered at the rink, and to the sweet strains of music those present enjoyed themselves to the fullest.--Selma Times-Mail.

The Midland road will be the quickest built road in the South, if they complete it by the time they think they will, and the present indications are that they will get the prize offered for its early completion.--Ozark Star.

Rev. S. P. West, returned yesterday, from Jacksonville, where he went to look at the site offered for a location of the Orphan's Home. He says the town is most liberal in its proposition, and unless Anniston does better, will secure it.--Anniston Times.

A good deal of horse talk is being indulged in by fanciers of fine horse flesh. The names of noted race horses are as familiar as if Union Springs were located in the heart of the blue grass region of Kentucky.--Reporter.

The Troy Enquirer says that more than fifty farmers in Pike county are preparing their lands so that from twenty to twenty-five bales of cotton will be produced to the acre, while all who fertilize their lands properly confidently expect from twelve to fifteen bales. Intensive farming is now the rule.

Some cruel scoundrel went into Dr. B. P. Newman's lot a few nights ago and cut his cow's tail off and left it tied to a post. The same thing was done to another cow of his about a year ago. Some one has a load of buckshot laid up for this cowardly villain, and hope to hear of his receiving it soon.--Tusculum North Alabamian.

James Haney, a prisoner undergoing a six month's sentence in Huntsville jail, for counterfeiting, having been sentenced by Judge Bruce at the December term of the United States court, has been caught in the act of trying to cut his way out of prison and carve a path to freedom.

The residence of Mr. Jno. Edwards, near Autaugaville, was destroyed by fire several nights ago. The household furniture, clothing and everything was destroyed; the family barely escaping. The residence was large, commodious, and one of the best in the county. No insurance.

Grover Cleveland and Thomas Hendricks will arrive at Union Springs within a month or two. They live at Indian Creek, in this county, and are the twin sons of Mr.

bringing them to town to see the sights. They are nearly 4 years old, exactly alike, and he says the only way he can tell them apart is that Thomas Hendricks invariably has a bad cold. --Union Springs Herald.

A horrible accident occurred near Friendship on the 23rd at Lewis Turner's saw mill. Joseph Turner, the father of Mr. Lewis Turner, was on a visit to his daughter and son-in-law, and on Saturday he was helping the men at the saw mill. While bearing off lumber from the saw a slab he was carrying caught on the rapidly-revolving saw and threw Mr. Turner directly where his head and arm were cut off in an instant. Poor fellow! Hurried into eternity without a moment's warning.--Guntersville Democrat.

Near the five mile post on the Troy and Spring Hill road, on Saturday of last week, a negro named Samson Cotton shot another negro named Henry Gibson, the ball entering the elbow and lodging in the upper part of the arm. Miss Margaret McCaskill was in the wagon which was being driven by the wounded negro, and was greatly frightened at the difficulty. The difficulty originated at a negro frolic a few nights previous to the shooting. The assailant is still at large though a warrant has been issued.

Mr. Beauchamp has in his garden a perfect curiosity in a cabbage. The cabbage was set in a very rich place last spring or summer and has remained there all the while. Its developments are, as nearly as we can explain, as follows: The bud has taken on the shape of a broad cactus leaf about eight inches wide, and goes up this way, perfectly flat, for about eight inches, then it takes a perfectly symmetrical curl and assumes the shape of a cornucopia. With all its pretty golden blooms it presents a very beautiful appearance, really something like the headgear of a well dressed lady.--Russell Register.

The burglar made his appearance at Capt. Prince's last night. When the family returned from church they found the house had been broken open. It seems that the thief, taking advantage of the absence of the inhabitants entered the house by breaking off some slats, opening the blinds and raising the window. His taste seemed to lay in the clothing line and he took many articles of wearing apparel of both the feminine and masculine order. A handsome pistol of Capt. Prince's was also purloined. He helped himself to a small amount of money and opened Mrs. Prince's jewel case and left it on the dresser with nothing disturbed. The servants were in the yard and Dr. Fant was at his home next door but none of them heard anything of it. Thus it is. Every day or so we hear of some such affair and yet we don't hear of them being captured.--Tusculum Times.

ANNISTON.

The City Court was Formally Opened Yesterday--Other Notes.

Anniston, Ala., April 1.--The formal opening of our City Court this morning marks another era in the rapid strides that Anniston is making towards being a great city. The "law's delay" will no longer be heard of, and criminals will not go unwhipped of justice on this account, and all will have that speedy trial guaranteed to them by the constitution. Judge Johnson presided with all the dignity of an old stager. In assuming the judicial ermine, at the behests of his many fellow-citizens, he leaves a large and lucrative law practice. The sacrifice, however, that he is making, is equally appreciated, and we predict for him a record as city Judge equal to none in the State.

Sheriff Carpenter announced the fact that the infant was born from Clerk Shepherd was as accommodating and obliging as ever, and the machinery of the new court would off without a jar.

Not What She Expected.

"Miss Laura," began the youth, with a flushed face and a tremor in his voice, "I came this evening to ask you--"

"One moment, please Mr. Hankinson. Willie, you are making too much noise with those blocks. You'd better take them into the other room."

"To ask you," resumed the young man mopping his brow with a trembling hand, "if you--"

Willie, take those blocks instantly and go."

"If you have tried that new headache remedy you said the other evening you were going to take, and if it did you any good, I am nearly wild with a headache to-night."

"I have forgotten the circumstance to which you allude Mr. Hankinson," said Miss Rajones, coldly. "Willie, you may remain if you wish."--Chicago Tribune.

Jacksonville Planing Mill.

Dressed Lumber of all kinds, such as flooring, ceiling, weatherboarding, etc., always on hand. Orders filled quickly. Address JACOBSONVILLE PLANNING MILL, Jacksonville, Alabama.

JAS. HUTCHISON

HAIR DRESSER AND BARBER,

(Jacksonville Hotel.)

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

B. G. McCLELEN,

County -- Surveyor

Alexandria, Ala.

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Dry Goods, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Hardware, NEW ORLEANS SUGARS and SYRUPS, BEST RIO COFFEES, Roasted and Green, COLOGNE and IMPERIAL TEAS, CALIFORNIA FRUITS & VEGETABLES, BACON LARD, HAMS & BEEF, PICKLES, CHOW CHOW and SAUCES.

FLOUR, MEAL & BRAN.

Call and see us, and we will please you in prices and what we have not on hand will order at once. Our motto, "short profits and quick sales."

STRICTLY FOR CASH,

and intend keeping everything in the Family Grocery line. Country produce taken in exchange for goods. We tender thanks to friends for past favors and solicit a further trial. sept20-1f HAMMOND & CROOK.

Guanos, Guanos.

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Testimonials of the best farmers in Calhoun county given who used this guano last year. A large lot of Tennessee Rust Proof Oats on hand. New York Seed Potatoes, Peerless, Early Rose and Beauty of Hebron. Give us a call when you come to town.

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We refer to any parties now using our Wheel as to its durability, efficiency and simplicity of parts. It is composed of very few pieces and is cheaper than any other first-class wheel on the market. All work given us, pushed to completion with dispatch and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders and correspondence solicited.

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MARTIN & WILKERSON, Proprietors,

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Elegant vehicles. Good horses; careful drivers. Horses and Mules bought and sold. Stock boarded at reasonable rates. Prices in keeping with the stringency of the times. mar21-1f.

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THE MAMMOTH TWELVE-PAGE

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The Distribution will positively be made on the day announced, MONDAY, JULY 1, 1889, and will be done under the supervision of a committee of well-known citizens of Birmingham.

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## THE Jacksonville Republican

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# JACKSONVILLE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED 1837.

JACKSONVILLE, CALHOUN COUNTY, ALA., SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1889.

VOL. 52. NO. 15.

## SUGGESTIONS TO BUYERS.

Every thinking business man, after taking inventory, draws from his past experience such figures and lessons as will help his future. Every such man engaged in the ordinary lines of merchandising, who has had the average experience, has discovered a constant tendency toward a shrinkage of either his percentage of profit or the volume of his business.

## THE ONLY ONE PRICE

One of the first of his conclusions has therefore been: "One thing is certain, I must either increase sales or reduce expenses." After carefully considering the latter expedient, he finds, (if a good manager) but little room for improvement. Inferior accommodations or help he usually decides will prove poor economy. He therefore shuts up the "rub." How is it to be accomplished? If honest, he will not stoop to the "fake" of a mock "closing out" sale that don't close out. Neither will he adopt the other method of reduction of prices that are not bona fide, but only pretended.

## CLOTHING HOUSE

In the long run there are only two things that will grow a business. One of them is NEVER ADVERTISE. A FAIR PRICE. The other is REPRESENT GOODS AS THEY ARE. We are the Only One Price Clothing House in Anniston. We allow none of our employees to misrepresent goods to make a sale. The penalty for so doing is dismissal at once. All of our goods are marked in plain figures. Houses that have two or three prices have no price to mark down from. We will forfeit one hundred dollars to any one who can beat us down one dime.

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NOBLE AND TENTH STREET, ANNISTON, ALA.

## ULLMAN BROTHERS,

Anniston, Alabama,

Leaders in Styles and Low Prices.

Respectfully request the people of Jacksonville and vicinity to inspect their elegant

Spring and Summer Stock.

ELEGANT VARIETY OF

FINE DRESS GOODS,  
Clothing, Millinery Etc.,

Being fully represented, and marked at PRICES LOWER than any WOULD BE COMPETITOR. We guarantee to SAVE YOU MONEY on every purchase made.

Carrying by far the largest stock of DRESS GOODS, CLOTHING, SHOES, Etc., of any house in the city enables us to undersell all competition, and by selling EVERY LINE we can make shorter profits than any

Exclusive Line House in Alabama.

Our stock is complete in Fine Dress Goods, Clothing, Millinery, Gent's Furnishings, Shoes, and a fine and extensive line of

Carpets, Mattings Etc.

Your Trade is Respectfully Solicited.

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## T. R. WARD,

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS,

SHOES, NOTIONS & C.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

In addition to my stock kept at the old stand beyond the Depot, I have recently placed a nice and select stock of DRY GOODS and GROCERIES at the Woodward corner on the public square, where my customers can be well served.

New Goods---Select Stock.

Call and examine my stock at either store before purchasing elsewhere.  
T. R. WARD.

### SONGS UNSUNG.

Sweet the song of the thrush at dawn,  
When the grass lies wet with spangled dew,  
Sweet the sound of the brook's low whisper  
That runs and ripples wandering through  
Clear and pure is the west wind's murmur  
That comes in the branches all day long;  
But the songs unsung are the sweetest music  
And the dreams that die are the song of song.

The fairest hope is the one which fades,  
The brightest love is the one that falls;  
The song that leaps from the lips of sirens  
Dies away in an old sea shell.  
Far to the heights of vision fancy  
The soul's swift flight like a swallow goes,  
For the note unheard is the bird's best song,  
And the unspoken is the dearest rose.

Drepest thoughts are the ones unsung,  
That only the heart can listen, hear;  
Most great joys bring a touch of silence,  
Greatest grief is in unspoken tears.  
What we hear is the faintest echo,  
Among things that, but a dream lives on;  
The rose red tints of the rarest morning  
Are lingering yet in a distant dawn.

Somewhere, dim in the days to follow,  
And far away in the time to be,  
Passing sweet, is a song of gladness,  
The spirit of the soul set free.  
Chords untuned are the ones we wait for,  
That never rise from the heart unsung;  
We turn our steps to the years beyond us,  
And listen still for the songs unsung.  
—Nebraska State Journal.

### THE SNUGLER.

In the year 1773, previous to the annexation of the Isle of Man to the English crown, the inducements for smuggling from that well known spot were of the most seductive character, giving employment to a few hardy and daring spirits, whose large profits in their perilous trade more than compensated them for the continual risks they encountered in their nightly voyages from the island to the shores of the Solway. This island of the Irish sea, once a rendezvous for numerous freebooters and smugglers, is now rendered a place of no small commercial importance, as well as forming a military and naval depot for the crowded ranks and numerous fleets of the British army and navy. Its productive soil and highly cultivated lands, its neat cottages and admirable roads are a picture of modern improvements, while at all times it wears a lively and busy appearance. From the highest point of the island, in clear weather, the visitor has a view of the three united kingdoms.

It was at the close of a fine day in the latter part of August, 1773, that a two masted lugger was seen riding at a single anchor in a quiet cove on the west side of the island. The craft might have been of about 150 tons burden, though her dark, low hull gave her the appearance of being much smaller, while the symmetry of her spars and rigging, tapering beautifully at their various points, as seen against the sky, showed her to be a craft upon whose rig time and care had been expended. Around her hull extended a line of red, broken at two points on each side by an open port, while the height of the waist showed that it was intended to serve as a breastwork to those who navigated the vessel in times of danger. Altogether, you would have pronounced the lugger at first sight, a suspicious craft, and, unless she carried the king's commission, one most likely bent upon mischief. At the hour of which I write an individual rather below the usual height, yet commanding in appearance, in seaman's garb, with a broad belt about his waist, into which was thrust a couple of boarding pistols, was pacing the quarter deck, in his hand he held a speaking trumpet, which at that moment he raised to his lips and issued the necessary orders for getting under weigh.

Fifty as fine fellows as ever handled a mardian's spang cheerfully to execute his orders, enlivened by the shrill tones of the boatswain's whistle. While all was bustle and activity about him, the captain slowly promenaded the quarter deck, presenting the picture of a young hero. Blended in his open countenance was the spirit of daring, but yet of noble purpose, his mild, thoughtful eye belied his otherwise spirited appearance. His form, as we have said, was rather below the ordinary height, yet he was handsome in figure, his person evincing great power of endurance, with strength and agility; he might have been in age about 25 years.

"We are brought to, sir," said the first lieutenant of the lugger to his captain. "Heave round, sir," was the prompt nautical reply. "Heave and pull." The anchor being raised and stowed, the wide breadth of canvas peculiar to the lugger rig, formerly so well known in the Bay of Biscay and the British channel, was spread upon the life-line vessel, and bending gracefully from the influence of the gentle west wind, she took her course under a cloud of canvas for the shores of the Solway.

"Mr. Merrick," said the captain to his first officer, "I think we are likely to have trouble on this night's trip. I learn from trusty agents that intelligence has been lodged relative to the character of our swift footed craft, and I fear they have been treacherously placed the Dolphin. So was the lugger named."

"I hardly think that, captain," he replied, "though the crew have full freedom on shore and have lately visited Carlisle and Keswick."

"They know the rules of the ship, Mr. Merrick," said the commander sternly, "and how treachery will be rewarded. Let the crew sleep with one eye open; we may have work for them."

The watch was set, while the regular order of the crew "turned in all standing," which signifies in sea parlance with their clothes on, ready for prompt and immediate service. The cargo on board the craft that now rounded the mouth of the sheltering cove was contraband and valuable, and the object of the commander was to land it safely and return from the main land to the island before morning.

The lugger held on her course till rounding the northern point of the island, when the captain, who had not left the deck, discovered off his starboard bow a vessel, whose indistinct outlines alone discernible in the darkness of the night, appeared to be those of a large craft; at this moment the lookout forward discovered and announced the stranger as a sloop of war under easy sail.

The course of the Dolphin was changed

two or three points more northerly, in the hope of passing the strange craft at such a distance as not to be noticed by her; the effort was successful; the commander of the sloop, not expecting his prey at this hour, was not on the lookout for the smuggler. On board the well regulated lugger all was silent as the night itself, while every sail expanded with the freshening breeze.

"Mr. Merrick," said the captain, when the sloop was no longer necessary, "pipe the crew to quarters, sir; I have a few words to say to them that may serve as a rough night cap for even these sea dogs."

The wakeful crew, most of whom were already on deck, having heard of the proximity of the stranger, gathered quietly aft near the sacred precincts of the quarter deck, where they stood with their lights off and their hair waving wildly in the night air. A well disciplined ship's crew look upon their captain with much the same respect as does a courtier upon his king, save that if possible the former is more profound, as is the authority of his superior more absolute.

"My lads," said the young commander, addressing his attentive crew, "most of you saw that strange sail we passed with in the harbor; do you know that nothing save treachery could have placed that vessel in the direct track of the Dolphin's night course?"

"It does look mighty suspicious, you honor," said an old seaman in the front ranks of the crew, "but shiver my timbers if I believe we've got anybody slipped aboard this ere craft but loves the saucy Dolphin and your honor too, excepting the crew."

"There has been treachery, I have said; there one of my crew that can tell me its penalty aboard this ship."

"Death at the yardarm," sounded from the deep guttural voices of the crew, who shrunk beneath the piercing eye of their captain.

"It is my duty," said he, "to watch over your interests and my own with a jealous eye. I never deceive you, my men; the traitor shall receive his punishment, though I pursue him to the foot of the throne. Enough to your duty."

The hours passed on—the busy crew had landed the cargo, and in the hands of confidential agents it was soon hidden from the most careful search of the revenue officers.

The greatest danger was yet to be encountered. The cargo landed, the lugger must again sail for the sheltering protection of the island, but the rising moon now threw its mellow and unweelcome light—unwelcome at least to those on board the Dolphin—across the heaving swells of the Irish sea.

Hardly had the lugger got under weigh before the cruiser was again distinctly at their various points, as seen against the sky, showed her to be a craft upon whose rig time and care had been expended. Around her hull extended a line of red, broken at two points on each side by an open port, while the height of the waist showed that it was intended to serve as a breastwork to those who navigated the vessel in times of danger.

Altogether, you would have pronounced the lugger at first sight, a suspicious craft, and, unless she carried the king's commission, one most likely bent upon mischief. At the hour of which I write an individual rather below the usual height, yet commanding in appearance, in seaman's garb, with a broad belt about his waist, into which was thrust a couple of boarding pistols, was pacing the quarter deck, in his hand he held a speaking trumpet, which at that moment he raised to his lips and issued the necessary orders for getting under weigh.

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His form, as we have said, was rather below the ordinary height, yet he was handsome in figure, his person evincing great power of endurance, with strength and agility; he might have been in age about 25 years.

"Secure the traitor and back with you all," cried the captain, pointing with one hand to the trembling villain who had betrayed them, while with the other he kept a score of them at bay with his flashing sword.

After securing their treacherous comrade the Dolphin's crew retreated swiftly to their own vessel, amid the astonishment of the crew of the York, who had been taken completely by surprise, the deed being accomplished in far less time than is required to relate the particulars. Regaining his own deck the captain of the lugger now barked his orders, while those that remained to the York continued full; thus the two vessels parted. The Dolphin, as she fell astern of her antagonist, gave her one raking shot, which did fearful havoc upon her deck. The captain of the cruiser was forced to make all speed for the shore, when the York was run aground in a sinking condition. Thus ended the fight between the lugger and the man-of-war, showing what cool courage and skill can accomplish against superior force.

The Dolphin sailed for the cove on the eastern side of the island, sorely shattered in hull and rigging by the severe contest with the man-of-war.

The lugger is again anchored in the quiet cove, and all hands are piped to witness punishment. The traitor who had betrayed the ship had confessed his guilt, and the price of his treachery was found upon his person. The crew were at their stations, all save six seamen chosen by lot, who stood apart from their companions with downcast eyes and trembling forms, for they were the agents through whom a fellow creature was to be launched, in cold blood, into eternity.

These hearts of oak that a few hours since stood fearlessly at their guns dealing death and destruction around them, with blood flowing like water at their feet, now trembled! A strange quiet reigned throughout the ship, even the wounded seamen below had suppressed their groans, and the tick of the captain's watch could be heard as clear as the clatter of the quarter deck.

The miserable man who was now to suffer stood upon a gun, his arms confined behind him and a rope around his neck—the cord was thrown through a block at the extreme end of the yard arm and reaching down again to the deck, the opposite extremity was placed in the hands of the six chosen by lot. Counting this arrangement for a moment the captain said:

"Why, men, next to nothing, I know of no blacker or more accursed sin than treachery; that man has betrayed us—heaven forgive him, as I do at this moment; he was seduced from his duty in an evil hour while under the effects of liquor—he is now penitent, and you see how bravely he will die—you have had related to you the peculiarities of his case, which, I think, many of you are pointing—your are his jurors; shall he die? Shall we send your old messmate into eternity? Speak, my men."

"Not not and if the captain forgives him, that's enough," said the generous hearted crew.

"Blow me," said the old seaman who has before spoken in this story, "if I don't think a man who could betray such a commander and such a ship must find punishment enough in overlooking the log of his own conscience without sending him to soundings."

The feelings of the criminal, for he is a criminal who betrays those who have confided in him, may be better imagined than described. He left the gun an altered man. He was forgiven his sin.

Well knowing that the boldness of this last adventure with a cruiser of the royal navy would have drawn certain execution upon them, the captain and crew of the lugger ran her into a French port, where she was sold and the proceeds equally divided among the crew and officers, who were thenceforth disbanded.

Let us follow for a moment, gentle reader, the life of this captain of the Dolphin, this smuggler of the Isle of Man.

Still actuated by a love of adventure and fondness for the sea, he proceeded to London, where he was soon intrusted with a large merchant vessel in the West India trade, as captain, in which capacity he led a lucrative and adventurous life for several years, subsequent to which he visited and settled in America. On the breaking out of the war with the mother country, his ardent love for the principles for which our fathers contended led him to offer his services in behalf of liberty. He was appointed captain of a noble vessel, the first of the American navy, and his was the hand that raised first her flag upon the blue water.

With this vessel and others with which he was subsequently intrusted, he gained some of the most brilliant naval victories ever won. Through his whole service there was one faithful follower, who never left him, and whose protecting arm twice saved his life in the memorable battle between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis, the former of which he commanded. Reader, that follower was the pardoned criminal of the Dolphin lugger!

Would you follow this commander still further? Congress passed a public vote of thanks to him for his gallant services, endowing him with the highest rank in the American navy, which to this day is emblazoned in the grateful hearts of a free people.—Boston Globe.

Electric and Gas Light.

I do not see anything in the electric light wave to frighten holders of gas company stocks. If I had an abundance of gas I would want no better investment than to buy up gas stocks on a low market. The reason for this is that they never was an electric plant that would stand the wear and tear to which it must be subjected. They will wear out within a short time, even the best of them, even with the greatest care in their operation. I would like nothing better, however, than to see the use of electricity in public lighting a success. It gives a splendid light, and if the machinery can be made to wear, offers a good investment. Still there would be abundant use for gas plants in furnishing gas for fuel, heat and power purposes.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### SPRINGVALE JERSEY FARM.

Editor Jersey Bulletin.—While my pursuit in life does not permit me to indulge my enthusiastic fancy for Jersey cows to the extent of owning and breeding them, I never let the opportunity pass in travelling through the States to visit a celebrated herd, for the real pleasure it affords me of looking at and admiring the Jersey as the recognized and undisputed queen of the dairy. When I can't look at them, I read of them, and enjoy the thought that possibly, some day, I may be the fortunate owner and proprietor of a Jersey farm. This is the goal to which my most ardent desire and fondest expectations tend.

I am, to-night, brimful of Jersey talk, having just returned from one of the best appointed farms and finest herds of Jerseys it has ever been my pleasure and good fortune to behold, and which I am sure can successfully challenge the world in rich breeding, the handsome appearance, beautiful forms, solid colors, and most of all, the substantial merit and excellence of the animals comprising it.

I refer to Springvale Jersey Farm, near Alexandria, Ala., owned by Maj. James Crook, who resides in Jacksonville, Ala.

The first object to which our attention was directed by our chaplain, Mike Donley, the head dairyman (for Mr. Crook was not with us), was the model dairy, consisting of two rooms 20x30 feet capacity, both clean and neatly kept, into the first which emptied a large, bold, and never-failing spring of clear, cold water. This spring covered, when Mr. Crook bought the farm, about one-eighth of an acre. It has, however, been filled in at great expense, until now it is only seen by lifting the top of a box about three feet square, and looking down into the mirroring depths of its crystal water.

In the first of the dairy rooms, deep-set in the water fresh from the spring, are to be seen immense tin cans, or basins of very rich milk, mistaken by my friends for gathered cream, and on shelves, raised above the water, large tin cans of golden butter, fresh from the sixty gallon Stoddard churn and patent butter wrapper, packed ready for shipment. This butter is sold by yearly contracts to regular customers at a remunerative price, and I am informed by our chaplain that Major Crook has a demand far in excess of his ability to supply.

After looking through the dairy, we were carried to the first large cow stable, 108 feet long by 30 feet wide, 30 feet of the lower story of which is built into three large silos, constructed of cement, stone and sand, with walls 15 inches thick, perfectly smooth outside and inside, and well drained. These silos open into the cowhouse on a level with the cement floor on which the cows stand, and are sweet with the aroma of sound and well-cured silage, made of Indian corn cut very fine when the corn is too hard for cooking purposes. On either side of this large barn, in the basement, were ranged facing each other, twenty-nine Jersey female celebrities, over half of which enjoy a national reputation for the large amount of butter they have produced in a specified time.

Among these may be mentioned the following cows of the Coomassie family:

Dewdrop's Pansy with a butter record of 19 lbs 8 oz in seven days; Cream Lillie, 16 lbs; Litta Oaks, 15 lbs 3 oz; Litta Oaks 2nd, 15 lbs 1 oz; Miss Nellie Parker, 23 lbs 11 oz; Suzie B. of Springvale, 17 lbs 5 oz; Lass De Graunt, 17 lbs 9 oz; Lizzie Stuart, 14 lbs 8 oz; and Ceteaway's Triumph, 14 lbs 7 oz; and the following list of young St. Lambert cows: Lady Alice Pogis, 22 lbs 8 oz; Litta Pogis, 15 lbs 3 oz; Gypsy Pogis, 18 lbs 7 oz; Zetahia Pogis, 15 lbs 10 oz; and Victor Hugo's Maggie, 18 lbs 14 oz; besides 13 or 14 cows of other celebrated Jersey families, ranging in a seven days yield, from 14 lbs 6 oz, to over 18 lbs.

After we passed in review these cows with their immense udders, always admiring most the last one we saw, we were brought to the stall of St. Lambert's John Bull 16618, the undisputed regent of Springvale herd, now not quite three years old, and weighing very nearly, if not quite a ton. He is the largest Jersey bull I have ever seen, and yet there is nothing gross nor coarse about him. He is 50½ per cent. of the blood of Stoke Pogis 3rd, and with no outcross from the combined blood of Mary Anne and Ida of St. Lambert, two of the most celebrated cows of this world renowned St. Lambert family of Jerseys. He is the sire of 37 calves, of which 35 are heifers.

After leaving this stable we were carried to stable number two, filled with young cows and heifers, all strong in the blood of Stoke Pogis 3rd, and from 50 to 87½ per cent. St. Lambert. This lot of St. Lambert cows can't be excelled in the world.

This seems to be a sweeping declaration, but I have seen many of the celebrated herds and will not recede from it. Here side by side stand the five young St. Lambert cows above mentioned now with third calves. Leaving stable number two, we were carried to a large shed, well littered with straw, on which lay in

seeming contentment, a charming lot of heifer calves from one to twelve months old, all of solid color.

These are all the calves of St. Lambert's John Bull, and all inherit in a pre-eminent degree his strong constitutional vigor.

Just here I am compelled to condemn what I consider a great waste. Large tubs of thick, well-flavored buttermilk are fed to these twelve-months-old calves, which might be made a considerable source of revenue to the farm, by carrying it just one mile to the Anniston & Cincinnati railroad, and shipping it to a ready market at 15 cents per gallon, at either Anniston, eight miles distant, or Gadsden twenty miles distant, both flourishing manufacturing and commercial cities in this most delightful section of the State.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am a Northern man by birth and education, my strongest sympathies, both of natural affections, and long cherished associations, make my Northern home very dear to me; but there is anything capable of winning a Northern man from his Northern home, it is the unexampled hospitality, and other broad-gauged characteristics of the Southern people.

I learn with great pleasure that Messrs. Fredrickson & Sons, from Chicago, are meeting with success in settling Western farmers in this section. I am gratified to hear it, for I want to see our Northern friends come down and possess at least a part of this God-blessed land, when they will find that the "bloody shirt" is a slanderous myth, used by political demagogues to perpetuate themselves in office. Will write to you soon again. Dux.

Anniston, Ala.

### SPRING WHEAT.

Generally Favorable Reports from the Northwest—Every Foot of Land Used.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., April 6.—Nothing but the most favorable reports are being received from the spring wheat fields of the northwest. The slight change that has occurred in the situation during the last seven days has been the disappearance of complaint of dry weather from certain portions of Central and Eastern Dakota. Destructive fires and storms have occurred in some portions of Dakota least able to bear them. That part of Dakota afflicted has been for a long time without moisture. A large area, reaching up 100 miles each way, has been heard of where it is claimed the seeded fields will need replanting. It runs up and down both sides of the James River along the Red River, through the vicinity of Fargo.

There were more or less winds through Minneapolis, but not so much harm has resulted and work has progressed well and quite a large per cent. of wheat seeding is done. There is a great demand for seed in some of the Northern counties. Much of the demand is supplied by seed companies, but so many of the calls are on time notes without securities the companies find the supply of such wants too severe a strain to be fully met. It is probable that on that account there may be a smaller increase in the wheat area than had been counted on.

Seeding in the southern portions of Minnesota and Dakota will be practically over at the end of the week, though in some places farmers will not have finished until next week. In Eastern Dakota, from Aberdeen south to Flandreau and west to the James river, farmers have held back from seeding to prevent a repetition of the destruction of growing wheat by hot winds, but some of them have begun in the northern part as far north as Fargo. In the Bonanza farms seeding is in active progress and by the end of another week will be almost completed. From every direction come reports of increased acreage and in some localities correspondents assert that every available foot of land will be seeded down.

Here is an interesting little special from Pittsburgh:

The will of the late John Scott, president of the Allegheny Valley railroad company, was filed for probate on Monday. About \$550,000 is divided among ten children, three sons receiving one cent each. The will states that as the widow, Olivia R. Scott, has been amply provided for, she is not to participate in the final division. Mr. and Mrs. Scott separated several years ago, they at a time had fourteen children, and the majority sided with the father. The three who did not were cut off with a cent each. It is said that Mrs. Scott will sue for her dower.

The queen, during one of her walks at Biarritz last week, met a nursemaid and a baby. Her majesty stopped, and made some pleasant speech about the baby, whereupon the nursemaid—an English woman—was so overwhelmed with awe and confusion that she turned and fled, leaving the baby with the queen, who had to send her gentleman-in-waiting in hot pursuit.

An Albany physician says he never knew a case of cancer among the Hebrews, and thinks their exemption from the disease is due to abstinance from pork.







# JACKSONVILLE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED 1837.

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VOL. 52. NO. 15.

## SUGGESTIONS TO BUYERS.

Every thinking business man, after taking inventory, draws from his past experience such figures and lessons as will help his future. Every such man engaged in the ordinary lines of merchandising, who has had the average experience, has discovered a constant tendency toward a shrinkage of either his percentage of profit or the volume of his business.

## THE ONLY ONE PRICE

One of the first of his conclusions has therefore been, "one thing is certain, I must either increase sales or reduce expenses." After carefully considering the latter expedient, he finds, (if a good manager) but little room for improvement. Inferior accommodations or help he usually decides will prove poor economy. He is therefore shut up to the "increase sales" idea. But that's the "rub." How is it to be accomplished? If the "fake" of a mock "closing out" sale that don't close out. Neither will he adopt the other method of reduction of prices that are not bona fide, but only pretended.

## CLOTHING HOUSE

In the long run there are only two things that will grow a business. One of them is NEVER ADVERTISE A FALSEHOOD, and the other is REPRESENT GOODS AS THEY ARE. We are the Only One Price Clothing House in Anniston. We allow none of our employees to misrepresent goods to make a sale. The penalty for so doing is dismissal at once. All of our goods are marked in plain figures. Houses that have two or three prices have no price to mark down from. We will forfeit one hundred dollars to any one who can beat us down one dime.

IN ANNISTON.

## THE "FAMOUS"

NOBLE AND TENTH STREET, ANNISTON, ALA.

## ULLMAN BROTHERS,

Anniston, Alabama,

Leaders in Styles and Low Prices,

Respectfully request the people of Jacksonville and vicinity to inspect their elegant

Spring and Summer Stock.

ELEGANT VARIETY OF

FINE DRESS GOODS,  
Clothing, Millinery Etc.,

Being fully represented, and marked at PRICES LOWER than any WOULD BE COMPETITOR. We guarantee to SAVE YOU MONEY on every purchase made.

Carrying by far the largest stock of DRESS GOODS, CLOTHING, SHOES, Etc., of any house in the city enables us to undersell all competitors, and by selling EVERY LINE we can make shorter profits than any

Exclusive Line House in Alabama.

Our stock is complete in Fine Dress Goods, Clothing, Millinery, Gents' Furnishings, Shoes, and a fine and extensive line of

Carpets, Mattings Etc.

Your Trade is Respectfully Solicited.

ULLMAN BROS.

T. R. WARD,

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS,

SHOES, NOTIONS & C.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

In addition to my stock kept at the old stand beyond the Depot, I have recently placed a nice and select stock of DRY GOODS and GROCERIES at the Woodward corner on the public square, where my customers can be well served.

New Goods---Select Stock.

Call and examine my stock at either store before purchasing elsewhere. T. R. WARD.

### SONGS UNSUNG.

Sweet the song of the thrush at dawn,  
When the grass lies wet with spangled dew,  
Ernest the sound of the brook's low whisper  
"Mid woods and quiet wanderer through;  
Clear and pure is the west wind's murmur  
That croons in the branches all day long;  
But the songs unsung are the sweetest of all,  
And the dreams that die are the soul of song.

The fairest hope is the one which faded,  
The brightest leaf is the leaf that fell;  
The song that leaped from the lips of sirens  
"Died away in an old sea shell.  
Far to the heights the visionless fancy  
The soul's swift flight like a swallow goes,  
For the note unheard is the bird's best song,  
And the dream that dies is the soul of song.

Dearest thoughts are the ones unsung,  
That only the heart sees, listening, hears;  
Most great joys have a touch of silence,  
Greatest grief is in unspoken tears.  
What we hear is the faintest echo,  
A voice that dies, but a dream lives on;  
The rose red tints of the sunset morning  
Are lingering yet in the dawn of day.

Sometimes, dim in the days to follow,  
And far away in the life to be,  
Tossing sweet, is a song of gladness,  
The spirit chant of the soul set free,  
Which untroubled and untroubled  
That never rises from the heart's unrest;  
We turn our steps to the years beyond us,  
And listen still for the sweetest of all.

—Nebraska State Journal.

### THE SMUGGLER.

In the year 1773, previous to the annexation of the Isle of Man to the English crown, the inducements for smuggling from that well known spot were of the most seductive character, attracting employment to a few hardy and daring spirits, whose large profits in their perilous trade more than compensated them for the continual risk they encountered in their nightly voyages from the island to the shores of the Solway. This island of the Irish sea, once a rendezvous for numerous freebooters and smugglers, is now rendered a place of no small commercial importance, as well as forming a military and naval depot for the crowded ranks and numerous fleets of the British army and navy. Its productive soil and highly cultivated lands, its neat cottages and admirable roads are a picture of modern improvements, while at all times it wears a lively and busy appearance. From the highest point of the island, in clear weather, the visitor has a view of the three united kingdoms.

It was at the close of a fine day in the latter part of August, 1773, that a two masted lugger was seen riding at a single anchor in a quiet cove on the west side of the island. The craft might have been of about 150 tons burden, though her dark, low hull gave her the appearance of being much smaller, while the symmetry of her spars and rigging, tapering beautifully at their various points as seen against the sky, showed her to be a craft upon whose rig and trim care had been expended. Around her hull extended a line of red, broken at two points on each side by an open port, while the height of the waist showed that it was intended to serve as a breastwork to those who navigated the vessel in times of danger. All together, you would have pronounced the lugger at first sight a suspicious craft, and, unless she carried the king's commission, one most likely bent upon mischief. At the hour of which I write an individual rather below the usual height, yet commanding in appearance, in seaman's garb, with a broad belt about his waist, into which was thrust a couple of boarding pistols, was pacing the quarter deck; in his hand he held a speaking trumpet, which at this moment he raised to his lips and issued the necessary orders for getting under weigh.

Fifty as fine fellows as ever handled a marine rifle gun, were fully to execute his orders, unobtruded by the shrill tones of the boatswain's whistle. While all was bustle and activity about him, the captain slowly promenade the quarter deck, presenting the picture of a young hero. Blended in his open countenance was the spirit of daring, but yet of noble purpose, his mild, thoughtful eye belied his otherwise spirited appearance. His form, as we have said, was rather below the ordinary height, yet he was handsome in figure, his person cringing great power of endurance, with strength and agility; he might have been in age about 25 years.

"We are brought to, sir," said the first lieutenant of the lugger to his captain. "Leave round, sir," was the prompt nautical reply. "Heave and pull." The anchor being raised and stowed, the wide breadth of canvas peculiar to the lugger rig, formerly so well known in the Bay of Biscay and the British channel, was spread upon the life-like vessel, and bending gracefully under the influence of the gentle west wind, she took her course toward a cloud of canvas for the shores of the Solway.

"If Merriek," said the captain to his first officer, "I think we are likely to have trouble on this night's trip. I learn from trusty agents that intelligence has been lodged relative to the character of our swift footed craft, and I fear there has been treachery aboard the Dolphin."

So was the lugger named.

"I hardly think that, captain," he replied, "though the crew have had full freedom on shore and have lately visited Carlisle and Keswick."

"They know the rules of the ship, Mr. Merriek," said the commander sternly, "and how treachery will be rewarded. Let the crew sleep with one eye open; we may have work for them."

The watch was set, while the remainder of the crew "tumbled in all staiding," which signified in sea parlance with their clothes on, ready for prompt and immediate service. The cargo on board the craft that now rounded the month of the sheltering cove was contraband and valuable, and the object of the commander was to land it safely and return to the main land to the island before morning.

The lugger held on her course till rounding the northern point of the island, when the captain, who had not left the deck, discovered off his starboard bow a vessel, whose indistinct outlines alone discernible in the darkness of the night, appeared to be those of a large craft; at the same moment the lookout forward discovered and announced the stranger as a sloop of war under easy sail.

The course of the Dolphin was changed

two or three points more northerly, in the hope of passing the strange craft at a distance so not to be noticed by her, upon the effort was successful; the commander of the sloop, not expecting his prey at this hour, was not on the lookout for the smuggler. On board the well regulated lugger all was silent as the night itself, while every sail expanded with the freshening breeze.

"Mr. Merriek," said the captain, when silence was no longer necessary, "pipe the crew to quarters, sir; I have a few words to say to them that may serve as a rough night cap for even these sea dogs."

The wakeful crew, most of whom were already on deck, having heard of the proximity of the stranger, gathered quietly aft near the sacred precincts of the quarter deck, where they stood with their hats off and their hair waving wildly in the night air. A well disciplined ship's crew look upon their captain with much the same respect as does a courtier upon his king, save that if possible the former is more profound, as is the authority of his superior more absolute.

"My lads," said the young commander, addressing his attentive crew, "most of you saw that strange sail we passed with in the hour; do you know that nothing save treachery could have placed that vessel in the direct track of the Dolphin's night course?"

"It does look mighty 'spicious, you honor," said an old seaman in the front ranks of the crew, "but shiver my trowsers if I believe we've got anybody shipped aboard this ere craft but loves the saucy Dolphin and your honor too well to play them a scurvy trick."

"There has been treachery, I have said; there is one of my crew that can tell me its penalty aboard this ship."

"Death at the yardarm," sounded from the deep guttural voices of the crew, who stood beneath the piercing eye of their captain.

"It is my duty," said he, "to watch over your interests and my own with a jealous eye. I never deceive you, my men; the traitor shall receive his punishment, though I pursue him to the foot of the throne. Enough; to your duty."

The hours passed on—the busy crew laid hands on the cargo, and in the hands of confidential agents it was soon hidden from the most careful search of the revenue officers.

The greatest danger was yet to be encountered. The cargo landed, the lugger must again sail for the sheltering protection of the island, but the rising moon now threw its mellow and unobtrusive light upon the sea, and to those who heard the Dolphin across the heaving swell of the Irish sea.

Hardly had the lugger got under weigh before the cruiser was again discovered lying midway between the English coast and the island; the course the Dolphin steered, and in fact the only route she could take, would bring her in full view of the cruiser and within range of her guns. The captain of the lugger viewed the dilemma with calm and quiet countenance, giving his orders in a tone that inspired those about him with fresh courage. The two vessels were now fast approaching each other, when a coarse hail came down across the water from the sloop. "What vessel is that?"

The captain of the lugger, knowing that every moment he could gain in delay was of the utmost importance in the furtherance of his purpose to run the gauntlet of the cruiser's broadside, made a muzzling and inaudible reply through his trumpet, so that the query from the sloop was put. "What answer do you make?"

The breeze still freshening drove the lugger, with her wide spread canvas, swiftly through the water. She was already nearly abreast of the cruiser, which, having tacked, now stood on the same course as her adversary.

"What vessel is that?" was the question again put from the commander of the sloop, to which he added, "Answer, or I shall fire into you."

No reply being made to this hail, the captain of the York, for so the cruiser was called, ordered a shot fired into the lugger, "to wake her up," as he observed; the ball, passing through the white field of the mainsail, struck the water to the right of the lugger, and the commander of the lugger returned from a heavy gun amidships of the lugger, the ball of which, aimed by the hands of the captain himself, shot away the foretopmast of the York, which fell with all its hamper to the deck. A fierce broadside from the cruiser followed this discharge, making sad havoc among the symmetrical rig of the Dolphin.

The armament of the lugger consisted of four small pieces of ordnance and one gun amidships, revolving upon a pivot, which was of superior metal to that of any gun on board the York. From this instrument of death the missiles of destruction were so faithfully aimed that already had the foremost of the cruiser come lumbering upon the deck, covered with the wreckage of the lugger's rig.

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The Dolphin sailed for the cove on the eastern side of the island, sorely shattered in hull and rigging by the severe contest with the King's cruiser.

The lugger is again anchored in the quiet cove, and all hands are piped to witness punishment. The traitor who had betrayed the ship had confessed his guilt, and the price of his treachery was found upon his person. The crew were at their stations, all save six seamen chosen by lot, who stood apart from their companions with downcast eyes and trembling forms, for they were the agents through whom a fellow creature was to be launched, in cold blood, into eternity.

These hearts of oak that a few hours since stood fearlessly at their guns dealing death and destruction around, and with blood flowing like water at their feet, now trembled. A strange quiet reigned throughout the ship, even the wounded seamen below had suppressed their groans, and the tick of the captain's watch could be heard at any part of the quarter deck. The miserable man who was now to suffer stood upon a gun, his arms confined behind him and a rope around his neck—the cord was rove through a block at the extreme end of the yard arm and reaching down again to the deck, the opposite extremity was placed in the hands of the six chosen by lot. Contemplating this arrangement for a moment the captain said:

"Why, men, next to mutiny, I know of no blacker or more accursed sin than treachery; that man has betrayed us—has betrayed his king, his country, his ship, and at this moment he is sentenced from his duty in an evil hour while under the effects of liquor—he is now pentent, and you see how bravely he will die—you have had related to you the peculiarities of his case, which, I think, has many extenuating points—you are his jurors: shall he die? Shall we send our men to execute to eternity? Speak, my men."

"Yes, captain," if the captain forgives him, that's enough," said the generous hearted crew.

"How me," said the old seaman who has before spoken in this story, "if I don't think a man who could betray such a commander and such a ship must find punishment enough in overhauling the log of his own conscience, without sending him to soundings."

The feelings of the criminal, for he is a criminal who betrays, those I do not confide in him, may be better imagined than described. He left the gun an altered man. He was forgiven his sin.

Well knowing that the boldness of this last adventure with a cruiser of the royal navy would draw down certain destruction upon them, the captain and crew of the lugger ran her into a French port, where she was sold and the proceeds equally divided among the crew and officers, who were thenceforth disbanded.

Let us follow for a moment, gentle reader, the life of this captain of the Dolphin, this smuggler of the Isle of Man.

Still actuated by a love of adventure and fondness for the sea, he proceeded to London, where he was soon entrusted with a large merchant vessel in the West India trade, as captain, in which capacity he led a lucrative and adventurous life for several years, subsequent to which he visited and settled in America.

On the breaking out of the war with the mother country, his ardent love for the principle for which our fathers contended led him to offer his services in behalf of liberty. He was appointed captain of a noble vessel, the first of the American navy, and his was the hand that raised first her flag upon the blue water. With this vessel and others with which he was subsequently entrusted, he gained some of the most brilliant naval victories ever won.

Through his whole service there was one faithful follower, who never left him, and whose protecting arm twice saved his life in the memorable battle between the Don Homme Richard and the Scorpion, the former of which he commanded. Reader, that follower was the pardoned criminal of the Dolphin lugger!

Would you follow this commander still further? Congress passed a public vote of thanks to him for his gallant services, endowing him with the highest rank in the American navy, which to this day is emblazoned in the grateful hearts of a free people.—Boston Globe.

Electric and Gas Lighting.  
I do not see anything in the electric light wave to frighten holders of gas company stocks. If I had an abundance of idle capital I would want no better investment than to buy up gas works at a low market. The reason for this is that there is a gas wave in the air, and it is a gas wave that will sweep the world and leave nothing but a gas wave behind it.

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### SPRINGVALE JERSEY FARM.

Editor Jersey Bulletin:—While my pursuit in life does not permit me to indulge my enthusiastic fancy for Jersey cows to the extent of owning and breeding them, I never let the opportunity pass in travelling through the States to visit a celebrated herd, for the real pleasure it affords me of looking at and admiring the Jersey as the recognized and undisputed queen of the dairy.

When I can't look at them, I read of them, and enjoy the thought that possibly, some day, I may be the fortunate owner and proprietor of a Jersey farm. This is the goal to which my most ardent, desire and fondest expectations tend.

I am, to-night, brimful of Jersey talk, having just returned from one of the best appointed farms and finest herds of Jerseys it has ever been my pleasure and good fortune to behold, and which I am sure can successfully challenge the world in rich breeding, the handsome appearance, beautiful forms, solid colors, and most of all, the substantial merit and excellence of the animals comprising it.

I refer to Springvale Jersey Farm, near Alexandria, Ala., owned by Maj. James Crook, who resides in Jacksonville, Ala.

The first object to which our attention was directed by our chaplain, Mike Donley, the head dairyman (for Mr. Crook was not with us), was the model dairy, consisting of two rooms 20x30 feet capacity, both clean and neatly kept, into the first which emptied a large, bold, and never-failing spring of clear, cold water. This spring covered, when Mr. Crook bought the farm, about one-eighth of an acre. It has, however, been filled in at great expense, until now it is only seen by lifting the top of a box about three feet square, and looking down into the mirroring depths of its crystal water.

In the first of the dairy rooms, deep-set in the water fresh from the spring, are to be seen immense tin pans, or basins of very rich milk, mistaken by my friends for gathered cream, and on shelves, raised above the water, large tin cans of golden butter, fresh from the sixty gallon Stoddard churn and patent butter worker, packed ready for shipment.

This butter is sold by yearly contract to regular customers at a remunerative price, and I am informed by our chaplain that Major Crook has a demand far in excess of his ability to supply.

After looking through the dairy, we were carried to the first large cow stable, 103 feet long by 30 feet wide, 30 feet of the lower story of which is built into three large silos, constructed of cement, stone and sand, with walls 15 inches thick, perfectly smooth outside and inside, and well drained. These silos open into the cowhouse on a level with the cement floor on which the cows stand, and are sweet with the aroma of sound and well-cured silage, made of Indian corn cut very fine when the corn is too hard for cooking purposes. On either side of this large barn, in the basement, were ranged facing each other, twenty-nine Jersey female celebrities, over half of which enjoy a national reputation for the large amount of butter they have produced in a specified time.

Among these may be mentioned the following cows of the Coomassie family:

Deedrop's Pansy with a butter record of 19 lbs 8 oz in seven days; Cream Little, 16 lbs; Little Oaks, 15 lbs 5 oz; Little Oaks 2nd, 15 lbs 1 oz; Miss Nellie Parker, 23 lbs 11 oz; Suzie B. of Springvale, 17 lbs 5 oz; Lass De Grante, 17 lbs 9 oz; Lizzie Stuart 14 lbs 3 oz; and Cotevago's Triumph 14 lbs 7 oz; and the following list of young St. Lambert cows: Lady Althea, 22 lbs 8 oz; Little Pags, 18 lbs 6 oz; Gypsy Pags, 18 lbs 7 oz; Zetahia Pags, 13 lbs 10 oz; and Victor Hugo's Maggie, 18 lbs 14 oz; besides 18 or 19 cows of other celebrated Jersey families, ranging in a seven days yield, from 14 lbs 6 oz, to over 18 lbs.

After we passed in review these cows with their immense udders, always admiring most the last one we saw, we were brought to the stall of St. Lambert's John Bull 18618, the undisputed regent of Springvale herd, now not quite three years old, and weighing very nearly, if not quite a ton. He is the largest Jersey bull I have ever seen, and yet there is nothing gross nor coarse about him. He is 56 1/2 per cent. of the blood of Stoke Pogis 1st, and with no outcross from the combined blood of Mary Anne and Ida of St. Lambert, two of the most celebrated cows of this world renowned St. Lambert family of Jerseys. He is the sire of 37 calves, of which 35 are heifers.

After leaving this stable we were carried to stable number two, filled with young cows and heifers, all strong in the blood of Stoke Pogis 1st, and from 50 to 87 1/2 per cent. St. Lambert. This lot of St. Lambert's can't be excelled in the world.

This seems to be a sweeping declaration, but I have seen many of the celebrated herds and will not recede from it. Here side by side stand the five young St. Lambert cows above mentioned now with third calves.

Leaving stable number two, we were carried to a large shed, well littered with straw, on which lay in

seeming contentment, a charming lot of heifer calves from one to twelve months old, all of solid color.

These are all the calves of St. Lambert's John Bull, and all inherit in a pre-eminent degree his strong constitutional vigor.

Just here I am compelled to condemn what I consider a great waste. Large tubs of thick, well-flavored buttermilk are fed to these twelve-month-old calves, which might be made a considerable source of revenue to the farm, by carrying it to a ready market at 15 cents per gallon, at either Anniston, eight miles distant, or Gadsden twenty miles distant, both flourishing manufacturing and commercial cities in this most delightful section of the State.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am a Northern man by birth and education, my strongest sympathies, both of natural affections, and long cherished associations, make my Northern home very dear to me; but if there is anything capable of winning a Northern man from his Northern home, it is the unexampled hospitality, and other broad-gauged characteristics of the Southern people.

I learn with great pleasure that Messrs. Frederickson & Sons, from Chicago, are meeting with success in settling Western farmers in this section. I am gratified to hear it, for I want to see our Northern friends come down and possess at least a part of this God-blessed land, when they will find that the "bloody shirt" is a slanderous myth, used by political demagogues to perpetuate themselves in office. Will write to you soon again.

Don.  
Anniston, Ala.

### SPRING WHEAT.

Generally Favorable Reports from the Northwest—Every Foot of Land Used.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., April 6.—Nothing but the most favorable reports are being received from the spring wheat fields of the northwest. The slight change that has occurred in the situation during the last seven days has been the disappearance of complaint of dry weather from certain portions of Central and Eastern Dakota. Destructive fires and storms have occurred in some portions of Dakota least able to bear them. That part of Dakota afflicted has been for a long time without moisture. A large area, reaching say 100 miles each way, has been heard of where it is claimed the seeded fields will need replanting. If runs up and down both sides of the James River along the Red River, through the vicinity of Fargo.

There were more or less winds through Minneapolis, but not so much harm has resulted and work has progressed well and quite a large per cent. of wheat seeding is done. There is a great demand for seed in some of the Northern counties. Much of the demand is supplied by seed companies, but as too many of the calls are on time notes without securities the companies find the supply of such wants too severe a strain to be fully met. It is probable that on that account there may be a smaller increase in the wheat area than had been counted on.

Seeding in the southern portions of Minnesota and Dakota will be practically over at the end of the week, though in some places farmers will not have finished until next week. In Eastern Dakota, from Aberdeen south to Flandreau and west to the James river, farmers have held back from seeding to prevent a repetition of the destruction of growing wheat by hot winds, but some of them have begun in the northern part as far north as Fargo. In the Bonanza farms seeding is in active progress and by the end of another week will be almost completed. From every direction come reports of increased acreage and in some localities correspondents assert that every available foot of land will be seeded down.

Here is an interesting little special from Pittsburgh:

The will of the late John Scott, president of the Allegheny Valley railroad company, was filed for probate on Monday. About \$350,000 is divided among ten children, three sons receiving one cent each. The will states that as the widow, Olivia R. Scott has been amply provided for, she is not to participate in the final division. Mr. and Mrs. Scott separated several years ago, yet at one time had fourteen children, and the majority sided with the father. The three who did not were cut off with a cent each. It is said that Mrs. Scott will sue for her dower.

The queen, during one of her walks at Biarritz last week, met a nursemaid and a baby. Her majesty stopped, and made some pleasant speech about the baby, whereupon the nursemaid—an English woman—was so overwhelmed with awe and confusion that she turned and fled, leaving the baby with the queen, who had to send her gentleman-in-waiting in hot pursuit.

An Albany physician says he never knew a case of cancer among the Hebrews, and thinks their exemption from the disease is due to abstemiousness from pork.

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# The Republican.

L. W. GRANT, Publisher.

APRIL 13, 1889.

The election of a Republican President and the consequent question of a division of the spoils has effectively split the Republican party in Alabama. The negro, who does most of the voting of the party in Alabama, has been completely ignored by certain of the white element of the party in this State. This movement has gone so far as to become the subject matter of a convention of the white Republicans of the State at Birmingham Wednesday, in which the negro found no place, pursuant to formal call made some time ago. The negro element did not propose to be so summarily disposed of and they too called a convention at Birmingham the same day. The negro convention appointed delegates to go to Washington and lay their case before the President. If he ignores them, they declare their intention of voting in future with the Democratic or some other party. The President will be placed in a delicate position between these two conflicting elements. If he declares for the negro contingent, the white Republicans will abandon the party. If he declares for the white contingent, the negro Republicans, who compose nine-tenths of the voting strength of the Republican party in Alabama, will fly the track. A few white Republicans in the State stand by the negroes, but they do not compose either the brains or respectability of the party. They too had a meeting in Birmingham Wednesday, making the third Republican convention there that day. These made overtures to the negro convention, but the negroes ignored them. It is likely there will be a triangular split in the party, and a general breaking up on the only cohesive question that has ever governed it in this State—a division of the spoils—and the party seems to be generally in a "bad row for stumps." Many of the negroes already vote with the Democrats in this State and in future many more will do so. President Harrison has not so far proven a very great success as a builder of the Republican party in the South, judging by the appearance of things in this State. This is owing more largely to the diverse interests and natural antipathies which do and have heretofore and must always exist in the party. In every party the white man will assert his predominance. The negroes do not resent this in the Democrats who have led them to expect nothing else, but who have acted justly by them at the same time; but they do resent this in those white Republicans who, in times past, when they were ignorant and new in political life, taught them that the negro, under the rule of compensation, should own and control the country in which they were long held in the subjection of slavery. Had the white Republicans dealt fairly and frankly by the negroes at the beginning and taught them not to expect things above their capacity, they would have been in much better position with them to-day than they are. All of which proves that a policy of principle is better than a policy of expediency. The Democratic party will control Alabama for a very, very long time yet and will administer the government honestly and fairly both by the white and black people.

## They Have Done Well.

When Jacksonville people were working to make up the hundred thousand dollars bonus to the proposed mineral road from here to Anniston, no class of our people responded more liberally, according to their means, than the colored people. George Woodward, a colored farmer in Alexandria Valley, who does not live on the line of the proposed road and who cannot be benefited by it, subscribed one hundred dollars and secured its payment in bank, saying as he did so, "this is for the prosperity of old Jacksonville. I wish I could give more." John Bush, Morgan Williams and other prominent colored men did well. It is this kind of spirit that has ever animated the colored people of Jacksonville and which accounts for the absence of any spirit of bitterness between the races here and which has led to the well being of the colored people of this town. Our people befriend them when they get into trouble or financial difficulties, and when we undertake any enterprise for the public good or our interests are involved in any local political issue they are ever found side by side with us, helping to the extent of their ability. During the war the black race stood loyally by the Southern people, even when their own liberty was involved in the struggle, so affectionate and loyal were they both by training and nature, and but for the interference of pestiferous politicians after the war, that relation would never have been disturbed in any part of the South, and to-day the race would have been in much better condition than it is. With the lapse of time and the better education of the race in the South, that relation is being restored. If this work is allowed to proceed in its own rational way, without outside interference, the race problem in the South will soon be solved and the condition of the colored people will be greatly benefited.

This spectacle of the colored people of Jacksonville coming up with their

mite to the help of an enterprise originating and to be controlled by white people, cannot be well understood by Northern people who have been taught to believe that here they are oppressed and abused. No more can they understand how these same people are learning more and more that their political as well as material interests are interlocked with those of Southern white men; but if they were here, and could see things as we of the South see them, they would understand the situation and the vocation of the Forsakers and other bloody-shirters of the North would be gone.

It has been suggested to us more than once by outside parties that the establishment of the proposed mineral road and dummy line from here to Anniston will help Anniston more than it will Jacksonville, in that it will carry trade from this section to Anniston and also empty into that city much of the mineral wealth lying at the door of Jacksonville. This may or may not be true. Jacksonville is tired and very tired being on only one line of road and practically out of the world and she does not stop to enquire whether this enterprise will help anybody else or not. It is certain that under existing conditions Jacksonville will be greatly benefitted by the building of this road. This is all our people want to know. If it helps a neighboring city as much or more she will be glad if people never engaged in enterprises of this sort until first assured that it would help nobody but themselves, few, if any such enterprises would be carried to success.

There was a remarkable thing about the subscriptions to the Jacksonville and Anniston dummy line. Not a single individual who promised to subscribe land or money went back on his promise. This was a remarkable showing when it was taken into consideration that nearly everybody in Jacksonville, both black and white, either subscribed money or land. It is frequently the case that men promise a good deal while the "meeting" is going on, but when it comes to going down in their pockets they forget the promise made. Not so with Jacksonville. Every one kept his promise, and as a consequence the dummy line is going to be built. Let the good work proceed.—Anniston News.

The driving park association of Anniston and Oxford will extend the Oxford and Oaxana street car line to a point a mile or so from Oxford on the McCully place, and there beautify the grounds and make the driving track, erect stables &c. This will then be a good place for a county fair. But we repeat the fair will never materialize until the business men of those towns take hold of it, as they should, and start it with a good subscription. The farmers will co-operate at the proper time.

Col Caldwell did a good thing for Alabama when he secured the money and lands due the State from the General Government. He resurrected claims that had slept for twenty years and altogether accomplished his work handsomely, as he does everything he attempts. We print something of what he has done in this direction, this week, from the Montgomery Dispatch.

## THE BLACK FLAG

Is Raised by the Black Republicans. BIRMINGHAM, April 10.—The colored conference adjourned sine die at 5 o'clock, after a lengthy debate on resolutions, to be sent to Washington. In these the colored people, as representing their race, read the riot act to the Republican party, setting down as an ultimatum that if they were not recognized not only in citizenship, but in a distribution of Federal patronage they would no longer consider themselves bound to the Republican party, but free to ally themselves with the Democratic or any other party.

The resolution was carried and a committee appointed, one from each Congressional District and one from the State at large, to accompany the resolutions to Washington and see what the administration will do about it. The Conference cut loose from the white Republican affiliation and acted independently as a race, disregarding the action to divide the Washington committee between the whites and blacks, and selecting members from those present.

It has been the well understood supposition that people who are infirm should not marry for fear of perpetuating their infirmities. The president of the New York State Deaf Mute Association combats this theory, and has compiled statistics from official reports, which show that only three-fourths of one per cent. of deaf mutes are the children of deaf mute parents. In some States it has been proposed to enact laws prohibiting the intermarriage of deaf mutes, but if the figures of this New York authority are to be relied on, such legislation would be unjust and ineffectual.—Montgomery Advertiser.

Just before going to press the *Frederator* learns that a Dr. Sparks who lived about a mile of Box was found dead Tuesday evening between his home and that place with evidences that he had been foully dealt with, and that a young man named Will Hargrove had been arrested on suspicion of having committed the deed.—Attalla Herald.

## IMPORTANT RECOVERY.

Thirty-five Thousand Acres of School Lands Gained to the State.

COL. CALDWELL'S EFFICIENT WORK Location of Delinquencies Made on the Most Valuable Mineral Properties of Alabama.

During the late session of the legislature various railroads projected in the State applied for and were granted appropriations from a fund in the State treasury known as the 2 and 3 per cent. fund. This fund was recovered to the State through the efforts of Col J. H. Caldwell, who for nearly ten years has held the position of agent of the State against the general government.

This fund was due to the State under a provision of the act of congress admitting Alabama into the union, passed in 1819, which appropriated to the State 5 per cent. of the net proceeds of the sales of the public lands in the State, to be devoted to the aid of internal improvements. While investigating this act Col Caldwell found an item of \$18,000 arising from this fund which had not been covered into the State, and made application to the general government for that amount.

This application was met by the agent of the government.

WITH A SET OFF IN THE SHAPE of an indebtedness claimed by the general government as due from the State of Alabama of \$625,000 on account of the war tax, and it was proposed that the sum should be credited to the State on that account. Col Caldwell, instead of consenting to this credit, instituted suit in the court of claims at Washington for the sum, which was decided in favor of the State. The government appealed to the supreme court of the United States where the judgment of the court of claims was affirmed, and under this affirmation Col Caldwell collected and paid into the State treasury the sum of \$54,000, which fund was appropriated by the last legislature to the purpose to which it was intended, viz: in aid of internal improvements.

Another recovery of the State was effected in 1886 by Col Caldwell, who obtained for the State a patent for 35,750 acres of swamp lands and scrip for 20,000 acres in lieu of swamp lands which had been sold by the government. It is said that Gov. Searcy has located the scrip for this land on 20,000 of the most valuable timber land in the State.

Another and the most important recovery made by Col Caldwell was that completed by him yesterday, when he turned over to the Governor certification for 35,000 acres of valuable mineral lands recovered for the benefit of the schools of the State.

Under the act of congress admitting this State into the union, passed in 1819, the sixteenth sections of each township were set apart for school purposes for the benefit of the inhabitants of these townships. This action was not, strictly speaking, in the nature of a grant or donation from the government, but was one of the terms of a contract between the government and the State of Georgia at the time that the territory now comprising the State of Alabama was ceded by that State to the general government.

Col Caldwell's investigation of the operation of this act revealed the fact that by reason of State boundary lines, meandering of creeks and rivers, and from other causes, there was a deficiency in many of the sixteenth sections of the State. The calculation of this deficiency was carefully made for each township in which a deficiency existed. Col Caldwell, when his investigation was completed, asserted the right of each township to a full quota of 360 acres for its sixteenth section under the act of 1819.

THIS CLAIM WAS RECOGNIZED upon presentation by the commissioner of the land office, but the department insisted that the location of the land to cover this deficiency should be made upon lands which the government had offered for sale. Col Caldwell insisted upon the right of the State to locate, to cover this deficiency, upon any public lands in the State of Alabama, whether offered for sale or reserved because of the existence of minerals, or for other reasons.

To bring the matter before a tribunal for definite and decisive action he decided to make a test case, and thereupon for the account of two townships, deficient twenty acres each, he made a location upon forty acres of valuable coal land in Jefferson county and a short distance from Birmingham. This location was held by the commissioner of the land office for rejection, upon the ruling of the department that the location could only be made upon lands offered for sale and not upon lands reserved because of the mineral supposed to be in them.

From this decision of the commissioner, Col Caldwell appealed to the secretary of the interior, and that official, after giving the matter a hearing,

APPROVED THE SELECTION

and confirmed the right of the State to locate for the deficiencies in the sixteenth section upon any of the public land in its borders.

Under this decision of the secretary of the interior, Col Caldwell has located 35,000 acres of valuable mineral lands, which location has been certified to the State, the certification of which was delivered yesterday by

Col Caldwell to the State authorities. The lands so located and certified to the State of Alabama lie in Walker, Jefferson, Tuscaloosa and other counties in the mineral belt. The legal title to the property is in the State, but the lands are held in trust for the benefit of the inhabitants of the townships in which deficiencies exist, and the proceeds of these lands when sold, must be applied for school purposes in such townships.

This recovery is one of great value to Alabama's school system and from the outlook it is thought that the property will be enhanced in worth if held for ten years to come.—Montgomery Dispatch.

## ALABAMA IN BRIEF.

The coroner of Shelby county who was elected last August has failed to qualify, and the *Capital* suggests the appointment of Col. John P. West to fill the vacancy.

The Governor has offered a reward of \$500 for the capture of Sandy Jones alias Carter who killed Policeman Manning at Bessemer. The city of Bessemer has added \$100 to the reward.

Miss Lettie C. Hill has entered suit against the Alabama Great Southern Railroad for \$25,000 damages sustained in a wreck two years ago, and from which she fears permanent disability.

Edwardsville News: The grand jury finished its work on Thursday of last week and was discharged, forty-one bills were the result of their labors.

There is every reason to believe that a full size boom will take possession of Cleburne County before another six months. That is the way we read the signs of the time, and we want you to see if developments do not warrant our conclusions.

Scottdale Citizen: Scottdale has one of the best high schools in North Alabama. The building is a credit to any town.

Rutledge Enterprise: The Rutledge and Juban Railroad survey was made this week and at the cost of \$4,540.30 for a distance of three miles. The books of subscription to the capital stock will be opened when 10 per cent. of the capital will be paid in at once and the work will then move off in regular order. It seems that Rutledge is bound to have a railroad in time for the next cotton crop. Let everybody help what they can and the project will be a grand success.

Troy is a hustling, growing, flourishing town, as will be seen from the following items taken from the *Enquirer*.

The Troy Normal and Graded schools have over 550 pupils in regular attendance.

The oil mill will close down for the season, its supply of cotton seed having been exhausted. It will continue to make phosphate for several months.

The Ice Company is preparing to commence construction on its works. The machinery has been ordered and will be in readiness as soon as the other arrangements shall be perfected.

The members of the faculty of the State Normal School at Troy will be elected the first Monday in May by the board of directors.

All applications must be made in writing, and those selected must accept or reject the employment tendered within ten days thereafter.

The Fort Payne Journal tells of the marvelous growth of that wonderful town:

Fort Payne is still booming and keeping boarders and real estate dealers are the most flourishing industries.

The Russell Register says: There are thirty two criminal cases on the State trial docket, and twenty-one on the grand jury docket. There are, all told, twenty-seven civil cases on the docket for trial.

Mrs. Mary McDermott, a dress maker in Birmingham filed suits on Monday against the *Age-Herald* and the *Evening Chronicle* for \$10,000 each damages for alleged libel. A short time ago the fourteen-year-old daughter of Mrs. McDermott died, so physicians testified from the effects of an abortion. During the progress of the coroner's inquest the *Age-Herald* and the *Chronicle* published sketches of Mrs. McDermott in which was stated that her husband abandoned her on account of infidelity. She charges that these statements were false and libelous.

The case of Mrs. J. H. Barfield against the Birmingham *Herald* Publishing Company for \$25,000 damages for defamation of character is on trial in the Circuit Court in that city.

Mr. Parsons, a Republican from Virginia, writes to Mr. Sedgdon, of Alabama, a recent recruit, and between them they arrange for a meeting at Chattanooga, which is to revolutionize the politics of the whole country. Three tailors once resolved, "we the citizens of London." There was but one, and the other two never returned up. Parsons and Sedgdon still need another man to make out their trio. Where is he to come from?—Montgomery Advertiser.

The Chattanooga Southern.

The grading of the first mile of the Chattanooga Southern railroad is nearly completed and track will be laid within two weeks to Blowing Rock. Mr. Henderson, president of the road, informed a Times reporter yesterday that the grading would be pushed ahead and the track would be laid as rapidly as the grading was completed. It is probable that trains will be run to Blowing Rock within three weeks.—Chattanooga Times.

## BLESSED GREENHORNS.

SO SAYS "AMBER," AND ALL WHO READ ECHO THE SENTIMENT.

Better Fall Down Once in a While Than Be Forever Galled—The Presence of One Who Is Not Quite Perfect Is Welcome in This Shrewd and Practical World.

"I may not be quite so wise as Solomon," remarked a man in my hearing the other day, "but anybody who expects to get the best of me will get badly left!" I looked at the speaker, at his shrewd eyes, with their all-ways-at-once manner of looking at things; his mouth, pursed and puckered like a dried up pepper pod; his smile, as sharp and wintry as a frost sprikle; and I said in my heart, "Well, sir, I would rather be the biggest greenhorn than ever trod the sod than be you!"

PEOPLE WE DO NOT NEED.

When a man gets so wise that he has nothing left to learn, the best place for him is a bookshelf. When he gets so cunning that you can never catch him napping, the best place for him is among the stuffed owls in the National museum. The world has no need of fossils outside of caves and archaeological collections. What a dried up channel is to a landscape, such, to the world he lives in, is a worldly-wise nature which has become invulnerable to a sensation and incapable of a mistake or an enthusiasm. He has outgrown his chief charm who has outgrown his freshness. He has become a mere petrification, who has attained unto a state wherein he is unassailable by the blunders to which other men succumb. We do not need such people any more than a full mooned August night needs signal lights. Better fall down once in a while than get to be so ossified you can't bend out of the perpendicular. Perfection is all right in butter and eggs, but a man, to be a good comrade, wants enough of the imperfection of human nature left in him to render him capable of an occasional blunder. I would rather live with the statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island than attempt to dwell with a person who has outlived the possibility of ever being "taken in," or has soared above the weakness of one in awhile taking a leap without knowing exactly where he is going to land.

Why bless your heart, my dear, the man who always looks before he jumps misses a fine tumble in the clover! Children playing together in the haymow would miss the best elixir of their sport if they measured every distance and computed the safety of every risk. And life, a good part of it, anyway, is nothing more than the venture of children romping in the dark. A preternaturally wise child and a sharp man make poor comrades in either play or work. What gives to childhood its first and greatest charm? What more than its freshness and its capacity to enjoy a delusion? When the child outgrows its belief in Santa Claus and fairies it ceases to have the nature of a child, and the wiser it gets, the further it is from the humbuggeries of youth the more of that first divine freshness and innocence it loses, until it becomes, like too many of us older ones, a withered stalk, with neither dew nor blossom left upon it.

KEEP US FROM TOO MUCH CONSENT. When we pray for pure hearts let us add to our petition that, in the grind and turmoil of sordid living, we may preserve a little of the "greenness" of life's springtime in our nature. Keep us, good Lord, from too much consent in our own cunning. Help us now and then to take the attitude of little children who have something to learn. Make singing birds of us rather than sly old foxes shrubs of living verdure rather than dusty specimens m'clagled inside of a herbarium.

Half the people one meets are only specimens. They are types, samples in stock, anything but individuals. They have been brought up to be conformists, and they are perfectly content with their labeling in the company of the Great Alik. Usage picks a rose to classify it rather than to enjoy its beauty, and conformity is the musty old lebanum wherein they are pressed and lettered for all time. Give me the weed blowing in the meadow, wet by showers and shaken by storms, trodden under foot by happy children and browsed by contented herds, rather than the finest specimen of flora that any scientist has in his withered and dried collection. A green leaf with sap in it is better for a fresh than a forest of dead cedars.

Bless God, then, all you who retain enough May time in your hearts to keep you "green" late into the season. Blessed be the young man or maiden, the elderly man or matron who, in this age of precocity and progress, policy and nerve, retains enough of the primal innocence to blush and blush on a suitable occasion, and are not so wise in their own conceit but what they may sometimes get the worst of a bargain. The presence of such a person in this shrewd and practical old world is as welcome as the sight of a buttercup in the alkali desert.

April is never behind with her willows and catkins. May never forgets her contract with the apple orchards, and June is never late with her roses. The robin always arrives promptly, although he comes in a snowy gown, and the bluebird carries not in uncertainty, but flashes his azure wing on time along the misty hedgerows. If human friends were half as constant to the trust of love as birds and blossoms are to their season, this world would never need be exchanged for heaven.—Amber in Chicago Tribune.

## A Curious Book.

A well known Parisian bibliophile, Baron Double, has just discovered the presentation copy of a book written by Marat and given by him to the queen, Marie Antoinette. This book, entitled "La Fei," is bound in green morocco and bears the arms of the queen of France, that is, the crests of France and Austria interlaced. Marat, who, before becoming a revolutionary hero, devoted himself to the study of science, treats of fire and light in the book.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

## FIRE INSURANCE.

I. L. SWAN, AGT. Jacksonville Ala. Two Good Home Companies to go. Georgia Home, Central City, Ga. B. F. Wilson, Attorney at Law TALLADEGA, ALA. Will practice in the counties of Talladega, Calhoun and all surrounding counties. 1012581

New York Herald: Warden of southern Penitentiary—These are short term prisoners. That's Majah Winchester; shot Judge Lawton for deciding a suit against him; in for a year. Visito—Who is that negro who is blacking the Major's boots?

Warden—Sampson Simpson. Most desperate criminal; stole Col. Hunter's cool dog—best in the State; up for life.

Visito—Er—are not the punishments rather inconsistent? Warden—Well, damn; good cool dogs are mighty scarce.

Leicester P. Holme, who with Charlie Copder and Grover Cleveland, has been appointed commissioner in the High Bridge park matter, was in Mayor Grant's office in New York Tuesday, and blushed when asked: "How do you do, Mr. Commissioner?"

"Everybody asks that because Mr. Cleveland is on the commission," he said. "I am proud to be on the same commission with him. He will be elected chairman by a large majority and will be given two chairs if he wants them."

A Democratic postmaster in Illinois has been removed from office on account of being in debt. He owes a merchant in Pennsylvania \$300, and failing to pay it the Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson declares that this is sufficient and abundant cause for removal. There are a number of Democratic postmasters in Alabama who are in debt, but whether to Pennsylvania merchants we cannot say. Mr. Clarkson is hard run for excuses, when he resorts to such subterfuges. He removed the Illinois man because he was a Democrat.—Montgomery Adv.

## Twenty Pieces of Bone.

My little niece, left me by her mother, had one of the worst cases of white swelling I ever saw. More than twenty pieces of bone came out of her leg, one piece being about the size of the small end of a walking cane, and nearly three inches long. The hole left by taking these pieces out was as large as a good sized walnut. She was not able to walk a step for eight months, and was afterwards compelled to use crutches for nearly a year. The doctors said there was no cure, and advised amputation of the limb. This I would not consent to, but put her taking Swift's Specific (S S S), leaving off all other treatment. It has cured her sound and well, and I shall never grow weary of speaking its praise.

MRS. ANNIE GREENING.

Columbus, Ga., Feb. 11, 1889.

## The World Ought to Know It.

The world ought to know what S S S has done for me in the cure of a malignant cancer, which was so bad as to be considered incurable by the physicians in Chicago, where I went to be treated. The hospital surgeon gave me up, saying they could do nothing for me. One of my neighbors sent me a copy of an advertisement cut from a paper in regard to Swift's Specific, and began taking it. I got relief from the first few doses; my poison was gradually forced out of my system, and I was soon sound and well. It is now ten months since I quit taking S S S and I have had no sign or return of the dreadful disease.

MRS. ANN BOWEN.

Au Sable, Mich., Dec. 29, 1888. Send for books on Blood Diseases and Cancers, mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO. Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Why pay 10 cents for a cigar when you can purchase the "Nickel Ant" cigar for 5 cents at ROWAN, DEAN & CO.

**Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated LIVER PILLS**  
WILL CURE  
**SICK HEADACHE.**  
A few doses taken at the right time will often save a severe spell of sickness. Price only 25 cents at any drug store. Be sure and see that Dr. C. McLane's CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa., is on the box. None other is Genuine.  
Use IVORY POLISH for the Teeth.  
PERFECTS THE BREATH.

## NOTICE NO. 8696

Land Office at Montgomery, Ala., March 28th 1889. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge of the Probate Court at Jacksonville, Ala., on May 15, 1889, viz: Joel A. Borden, Homestead Entry No. 1407, for the S.W. 1/4 Sec. 31, T. 15, R. 9, E. 1. She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: James E. Borden, Marquette, White, John S. King, Jr., J. G. HARRIS, Register.

## NOTICE.

Re-Registration of Fine and Forfeiture Claims. Under an Act of the Legislature Approved Feb. 27, 1889.

All persons holding claims against the fine and forfeiture fund of Calhoun county, Alabama, which were registered previous to January 1st, 1884, are required by said act to present them to the county treasurer or said county, within twelve months from the passage of said act, viz: Feb. 27, 1889, for re-registration, or they will be barred. All parties who hold such claims are urgently requested to look them up and bring or send them to the undersigned for re-registration. It puts our fine and forfeiture account in better shape, and is required by said act to hand them in. T. L. SWAN, County Treasurer, Calhoun County, Ala. mar 23 61

# Lower Prices AND Increased Attractions FOR CLOSE BUYERS AT RANDALL'S.

Look at these Samples. Rose jars, 75 cents to \$2. Pot Pourri, or Japan rose leaves, to fill rose jars, only 50cts per box. Brass crumb trays and scrapers only \$1. Mauny Lemon squeezers, best in the world, reduced to \$1.50 per doz. The best spectacles in town for \$1. Good steel nose glasses for 50cts. Solid gold spectacles and nose glasses for \$5. Big stock of jewelry at all prices, cheapest to best. A fine stock of table and pocket cutlery at lowest prices. Waterbury Watches \$2.50. Swiss Watches \$10. American Watches \$10. Gold filled Watches, ladies' and gents', \$15. Nickel Clocks \$1.25. Nickel Alarm Clock \$1.50. One Day Walnut Strike Clocks \$3.00. Eight Day Walnut Strike Clocks \$4.00. Silver Plated Teaspoons per set 60 cents. Silver Plated Tablespoons per set \$1.25. Silver Plated Knives per set \$1.25. Silver Plated Forks per set \$1.25. Tea Cups and Saucers per set 20 cents. Tumblers per set 20 cents. Goblets per set 25 cents. Bowls and Pitchers 75 cents. Handsomely decorated China cups and saucers \$1.00 per set. Fancy banded and colored tumblers very stylish, one dozen in a box, from \$1.00 to \$2.00. Jelly glasses and Mason's fruit jars at bottom prices. Decorated dinner sets from \$15 to \$30. Decorated tea sets from \$4 to \$8. Decorated chamber sets from \$4.50 to \$24. For most light with least oil, use the Rochester Triple Burner. Old lamps fitted with these burners for 75 cents. A big stock of library and hall lamps, very handsome, at from \$2.50 to \$15. Glass stand lamps from 20 cents to \$1.50. The Rochester lamp is the best and the Buck is next. Big stock of both at New York prices. Five gallon oil cans filled with best oil for \$2. The best and safest kitchen lamp for 50 cents. Scollap top chimneys all sizes 5c. each. The Ross Patent Refrigerator is the only guaranteed dry cold refrigerator manufactured. If you want the best at the lowest price, don't fail to examine the "Ross" before buying. A few qt. ice cream freezers, Gooch's Peerless, for \$3 each. Your last chance to get a freezer of this kind at the price. A big stock of J. & G. Meakin's Ironstone China, my own importation; cheaper than ever before offered in this latitude. New Goods received daily. Country dealers supplied at wholesale prices. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired by first-class workmen and satisfaction guaranteed by

**R. O. RANDALL.**  
GADSDEN, ALA.  
July 28-1

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

## CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint while they correct all the causes of liver trouble. Even if they only cure the HEADACHE.

Is the head of so many lives that have been made miserable by this complaint? Our pills cure it. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but they do clean the blood and give the system a new lease of life. Buy at 25 cents; for \$1.00 by express, prepaid, or by mail. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, NEW YORK. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

## NOTICE NO. 8641.

Land Office at Montgomery, Ala., March 4, 1889. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge of the Probate Court at Jacksonville, Ala., on April 15, 1889, viz: James A. Dickinson, Homestead Entry No. 1407, for the S.W. 1/4 Sec. 31, T. 15, R. 9, E. 1. She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: Able H. Hollingsworth, William C. Hollingsworth, Eliza H. Dickinson, John S. King, Jr., J. G. HARRIS, Register.







We are prepared to do all kinds of job work on short notice and at low prices. Give us a call.



# JACKSONVILLE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED 1837.

JACKSONVILLE, CALHOUN COUNTY, ALA., SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1889.

VOL. 52.

NO. 16.

## Announcement Extraordinary!

### THE FAMOUS GREETINGS YOU.

Once again, with a meteoric display of splendid outfits for men and boys for spring and summer wear that, in extent, variety, beauty of conception, design, make, fit, finish and wear-resisting qualities, combined with the very lowest possible prices, completely eclipses our best exhibits of the past and "snags under" any approach to serious competition in this section of the country.

## READ CAREFULLY,

Miss not a line of the following advertisement. It's perusal will well reward you. Your time will not be wasted. You will learn some thing that will benefit you to know, and the knowledge thus obtained will be no load to carry.

### MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING

The stock that we submit for your approval this season comprises Suits and Overcoats made from the choicest fabrics the world's looms produce, constructed under our supervision into garments of irreproachable style and incomparable fit and finish and include the very latest creations of artistic skill—Pleats, Checks, Stripes, Mixtures, Combinations and Colors. Black, Blue and Brown Diagonals—wide and narrow wales. Worsteds, Triests, Thibet Cloths, Cheviots, Tweeds, Cassimeres, and every weave and make that beats the stamp of fashion and comes up to our high standard of sterling merit. In Men's Suits the styles are the stately Alberts, Frocks, The popular 3 and 4-button Cutaways. The high buttoning and the soft, low roll Sack Suits, perfect models of the tailors' skill.

## The Boys' Suits

Come in two and three pieces, and Knee Pants for the little fellows, Pleated, Blouse Belted, Plain and Norfolk Suits. Charming styles seldom seen away from the world's great centers of fashion, but we see no reason why the boys of Anniston should not dress as stylishly as the boys of Paris, London, New Orleans and New York. The bigger boys and youths will find fittingly represented here styles so new and novel—and so many of them—as to deprive them of the luxury of a complaint. Spring Overcoats for men and boys in all the popular shades, from delicate fawn to sober black, and all at prices that will amaze and delight those who know the actual prices charged in other cities for goods of like merit.

## GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

It is a positive fact that, although we've spent the best years of our lives in the business, we have never seen such charming things in gents' furnishings as we are showing here and now, or never been able to name such moderate prices for goods of equal value. Our exhibit of spring neck dressings is simply bewilderingly beautiful, they come in all the popular colorings, shades and styles. Our dress shirts are of our own creation and in absolute fitting properties can't possibly be excelled in all America. In fancy patterns we "sweep the deck." Dots, bars, combination stripes, quaint figures and odd conceits. Our showing of Negligee shirts is truly wonderful in its varied beauty of colorings in wool, delicate shades of silk, etc., etc. In underwear we beat our best records. Never had such a varied assortment of grades. Never more able to offer such intrinsic values. Never felt so sure of properly providing for your every want in that line, which of course, includes hosiery, suspenders and handkerchiefs.

## Hats and Umbrellas.

We keep every grade of hat that's good and every style of hat that's worn. We are the agents here for the celebrated "Taylor" hats of Baltimore, than which no better, finer or more fashionable are known. Silk hats, straw, "crush" and slouch hats. Square and round top Derbys in the Youmans, Miller, Knox and Dunlap blocks. Hats for the young and old, great and small. The man of quiet tastes and the youth of well ideas. The most celebrated makes of Umbrellas in Silk, Glorin Cloth, Alpaca and Gingham. Some with Gold or Silver Tipped Handles, others with antique figures. Some plain and natural sticks and all of the best possible values for the prices marked—from \$1.00 to \$10.00. In conclusion we wish to thank the citizens of Anniston for the generous support that has made an establishment like "THE FAMOUS" possible here. A support that implies confidence in us and in our plain-dealing methods, and needless to say, that if sterling wares at lowest prices deserve continued patronage we feel sure of your future favors.

## THE "FAMOUS"

Clothiers, Furnishers and Hatters,  
ANNISTON, ALABAMA.

## How do you Like It?

A Perfect Beauty. The Delight of the Ladies. "ALL THE GO."



This elegant hat can be had only of  
**J. M. VANZANDT & CO.,**  
DEPOT ST., JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

DEALERS IN  
**Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats,  
CLOTHING, SHOES & C.**

Stoves and pot ware at surprisingly low prices. Flow Stocks and Flow Gearing at prices that will please.

**WE STILL LEAD IN FLOUR.**

J. M. VANSANDT & CO.

**Livery and sale Stable,  
MARTIN & WILKERSON, Proprietors,**

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA.

Elegant vehicles, good horses; careful drivers. Horses and Mules bought and sold. Well warranted at reasonable rates. Prices in keeping with the urgency of the times.

### WILD THORN BLOSSOMS.

Deep within the tangled wildwood,  
Where the thorned thistles sing,  
And the dreaming pine trees whisper  
In their sleep a tale of spring;  
Where the laughing brook goes leaping  
Beneath the fragrant mossy stair,  
There the wild white thorn is flinging  
Its sweet fragrance everywhere.

Rough and rugged are its branches,  
But its bloom is white as snow;  
And the roosting bee have found it,  
To their wondering and joy;  
And they gather from its sweetness  
Heavy freighted the honeyed day,  
And the golden honey, dripping  
Their thanksgivings all the way.

All unheeded fall the blossoms,  
Like sweet snowflakes through the air,  
And the summer marches onward  
With its fragrant perfume;  
But the grateful bee remembers,  
As he winds his mellow horn,  
That the spring time was made sweeter  
By the blossoms of the thorn.

—Julius S. Cutler in Boston Transcript.

### THE BOAT.

Sky and water. Both motionless; two immensities that extend as far as the eye can reach. Not a breath of air ruffles the mirror like surface of the sea. There is no rent in the opaque surface of clouds through which the sunbeams might glint. The atmosphere is heavy and the air seems barely sufficient for the birds that are flying low, grazing the water in their flight. All nature is overwhelmed by an enormous fatigue. These indications would deceive a seaman accustomed to these tropical seas, who would immediately recognize the sequel and the results of one of the terrible hurricanes which are so disastrous in these latitudes.

In fact, it was a terrific gale. All night long the whistles of the steamers have sounded during the tempest their lugubrious, shrill shrieks, which were overwhelmed by the more powerful voice of the wind. In vain have men blown the name of God; in vain have weeping women implored his aid. Pitiless in its rioting, the sea has in an hour's time crushed and swallowed everything from the humble fishing smack to the gigantic steamer; and now, all that is to be seen is a few planks drifting along its placid surface.

However, in the distant horizon appears a black speck, which grows larger every minute. As it draws near enough to be distinguished it proves to be a ship's boat, a sorry skiff, so badly constructed, so badly put together that a storm clock, out for a holiday at Asnières, would think twice before venturing out in it. How long it has been waiting for this more untalented to resist the power which has destroyed so many giants! Probably by one of those happy accidents, those chances which accompany all great upheavals brought on by the forces of nature. Does it not sometimes happen that, after a conflagration which has destroyed a whole town, the green painted body of a girl's dowry that bedecked some working girl's window is found intact on a heap of smoking ruins, having passed scatheless through the flames which have spread desolation far and wide?

On the stern of the boat there are two men, one rowing, the other lying like a log in the bottom of the boat. The rower, a small, dumpy, dried up man, tugs at his oars with all his might, while his anxious eyes scan the gray immensity which surrounds him on all sides. By the rise and fall of his panting chest and the great drops of perspiration which bead his sunburnt brow, it is evident that he has a heavy task and that he has been laboring at it for a long time.

From time to time his gaze rests on the inert mass at his feet, his companion. The latter seems quite a colossus, judging from the room he takes up in the bottom of the boat, and from his loud snoring, which keeps time to the splash of the oars as they dip into the sea. While the owner of the rowing boat has his thoughts far, far away, in his mind he sees that little out-of-the-way corner nestling between two cliffs, the lower of which is capped by a chapel of the Virgin, and which on bright days allows one to see the distant roofs of Dieppe basking in the warm sunshine.

He thinks of his childhood, of his boyish romps among the rocks and low cliffs with Mark, the one who is there snoring on the bottom of the boat, his great friend, already quite strong and much feared by the other youngsters, and who had declared himself his protector.

Then it was his first communion, still with Mark, in his holiday garb at the chapel on the cliff, and then the first fishing party with his father and friends. After that he recalled his wedding day—his marriage with Claudine Yvetin, one of the prettiest girls in the country, rosy and white like an apple blossom in mid April. As a matter of course his best man on this occasion was Mark, who looked grand in his Sunday clothes.

And how these memories flit through Remy's brain, while his tired arms tug at the oars. There are sad memories too. The death of his mother, carried off by pneumonia, kissing her already cold lips her grandson Yvon, and stretching her thin, trembling arms about his curly head, as she pronounced a blessing upon it. This was the beginning of misfortune, the first of many dark days. There was that other tempest more terrible even than the one of last night in which a mighty wave carried off the old man his father, and shattered to pieces the Claudine, that beautiful boat which he had bought in partnership with Mark, who lost his all at the same time. Dear Mark! how strong, how sturdy he had seemed as he wrestled with the storm.

And when the hurricane had destroyed their boat, he had thrown Remy upon the floating mast, and with one hand he helped him maintain his hold upon this fragment of the wreck, while, with the other, he steered it to the rock which they reached, and where they had awaited this to return with mountain sheep to the village from which they had so grimly departed. Times like these

and sharing such dangers unite men more closely, cement them to each other as it were!

After this Mark and Remy had not quitted each other. A Bordeaux ship owner, sojourning on the coast of Normandy, had heard of the disaster and of the Claudine, and, seeing her two masters without resources, offered to take them into his service. Then Remy had left his wife and his little one in the small, smoke begrimed cottage of his forefathers. Ah! how he had kissed those two well beloved ones when they parted. The separation was a hard trial to him, but then the place he had been offered was a good one. Little by little he had been able to restore to his family all the comforts that had been lost, and when between trips he returned home they all seemed to love one another doubly, as if to make up for lost time.

Anyhow, he had just had a very narrow escape. A little more and the storm would have ended his account, and Remy would have gone to meet the old man, beneath the green waves. Again it was Mark, who had saved him, just as he had done before. How greatly he was indebted to that kind friend! But, what did that matter? Wasn't his heart there ever ready to pay back in kind? And Remy had anew these past few hours. What terror there was on board of the Belle Julie during the last panic. No more orders, no officers, no differences of rank. Nothing but a set of brutes, fighting for life, and ready to kill in order to escape death! They had crowded into the three life boats. The ship's boat was despised as too unsafe, too likely to be dashed to pieces by those furious waves. The captain had shouted to Mark and Remy, who were busy gathering up the ship's papers and money.

His voice was probably lost in the roar of the tempest, for when he did hear it, it was too late. A cabin boy had cut the rope which kept the craft in place, and in the twinkling of an eye the three men found themselves abandoned and alone upon the deck of the vessel, which was slowly sinking with them.

Then they had rushed to the ship's boat, their last resource! Thanks to a lucky chance as well as to the energy, strength and skill of Mark, they are safe, for the time being at least. Safe for the present, but no more safe forever, for Mark is no stranger to those parts. He knows exactly where they are. Thanks to his skill and knowledge, they will be able to steer clear of the rocks that fringe that forbidding coast and reach a safe haven. Thanks to him, Remy's heart may still beat high with the hope of seeing again his native land and embracing once more his loved ones.

With this thought tears well up in Remy's eyes; and he casts upon his companion a lingering look of love and gratitude.

Mark still sleeps. The sun, which has at last pierced through the heavy clouds, bathes him in its golden rays.

All of a sudden Remy, who has not been asleep, feels a tremor shake his frame.

The coarse shirt of his friend is open, exposing to view a species of cloth scapular lying upon his bosom. Some too abrupt motion during the storm had probably severed the silken cord by which it was attached to his tanned, sunburnt neck, and had even torn the scapular itself as from one of its ends hangs something of a dingy white color, resembling a paper or a card discolored by age. The sleeper, in stretching himself out on the bottom of the boat like a worn-out beast, had not noticed the mishap.

It is upon this something that Remy fixes his gaze. Although he cannot clearly see what it is, still it affects him in a most singular manner. It seems to him that the card is a picture which resembles the charming and well beloved features of his wife, of his Claudine!

He shakes his head to dispel the illusion, closes his eyes, reopens them and casts them once more upon the picture. The vision vanishes, but he still feels it affects him in a most singular manner.

It seems to him that the card is a picture which resembles the charming and well beloved features of his wife, of his Claudine! He shakes his head to dispel the illusion, closes his eyes, reopens them and casts them once more upon the picture. The vision vanishes, but he still feels it affects him in a most singular manner.

Then, to satisfy himself, he lets go his oars, bends over Mark, who snores on, and grasps the object. He felt faint. He plunges one hand into the sea and bathes his forehead with temples and with the icy water. It is really his picture. It is Claudine; and on the right of the scapular board he finds written in large, irregular handwriting which he knows as well these two lines:

To my well beloved Mark, my only love, the father of my Yvon. From Mrs. CLAUDINE. Remy was as pale as death. In a second's time all his hopes, all his love, and his happiness lay before him. He puts both hands to his head; his brain is tortured by a most acute pain; his temples throb as if they would burst, while a cold sweat gathers upon his forehead. He feels that he is going mad.

Come, now! such a crime is not, cannot be possible. His wife, his child, his brother, all lost by the same blow! Not he! He must be dreaming; he must be under the influence of a horrid nightmare.

But his eyes again gaze upon the picture in his hand, a rude photograph taken in a shanty in Dieppe one holiday when all three had gone there together on a pleasure trip. Oh! he remembers well, and he feels the blood rush to his temples as an atrocious thirst for revenge stirs his heart.

Oh! yes, he will revenge himself! First on him, the infamous scoundrel! He has just there in his power fast asleep! God is just! And grasping with both hands one of the heavy oars that he had dropped but a moment ago, he strikes it about his head to crush in the sleeper's skull. But suddenly he stops! Why end it all in that way, so quickly! Let that scoundrel, that thief, that monster, unconsciously pass away in his sleep! Pshaw! that was no way to revenge himself. He will not even have time to suffer. What Remy wants for the wreck is a refined torture, an atrocious, slow, inhuman agony similar to the one he is passing through himself. An idea flashes through his brain. Quickly he unrolls the long woolen sack which is

wound several times about his waist; with his pocketknife he cuts it into four equal parts. He tugs with all his might on each piece to prove its strength. No danger! it is strong.

He then glides like a snake on the bottom of the craft to the side of the giant upon whose lifeline it is fastened. "Probably it is her image that he sees in a dream," thinks Remy! And with infinite precaution, with all the care of a nurse who dreads to awaken her sick baby, he binds the sleeper's feet and hands and ties him fast to the strong seats of the boat.

Having done this the avenger stands up in his triumph and sets to drinking. How is he going to kill him? What combinations of cruelty shall he invent? It must be a long, long suffering, for each cry that he utters from his enemy will be like bald dropping upon his own horrible wounds.

First, he will with one blow put out Mark's eyes. Remy already seems to feel his two fingers plunging through the eyelids and pulling out the eyeballs and bathing in his warm blood, and his soul seemed filled with effable joy.

Only after this has been accomplished will he reveal the truth to Mark and tell him his sentence. The scoundrel is so strong that he cannot be too careful! Once blinded he will be harmless, and besides the movements of the Hercules will be paralyzed by the bands with which he has secured him.

Then, with a stab of his knife every five minutes, beginning by parts where there can be no danger of causing death! And, when the pierced, mangled body will be writhing in convulsions he will pour brandy into each of his gaping wounds. Both have well filled bladders, so there is enough to make the fun last a long time.

All of a sudden the avenger, who had bent over to strike, arises to his feet. His pallid countenance seems paler than ever. His hand, which was feeling for his knife, falls inert to his side, without his weapon. Then slowly he drops upon a seat. He is shivering, his teeth chatter.

After he has taken his revenge what will he do himself? He will be alone then. Alone to row for whole days and nights, perhaps, he who cannot handle the oars more than three hours at a time, alone to meet tempests which Mark might conquer, but which would crush him like a straw; alone to seek the shore of that immense ocean which is to Mark like an open book, and if perchance he does reach land, he will be all alone to meet wild beasts and perhaps wilder men! It would be death! Certain death! And what a death!

As he thinks of these things Remy trembles from head to foot, and his throat becomes parched from fear. Then, with the still greater care than he had used in the first place, Remy bends over the sleeper, returns the picture to the scapular, cuts the four bands that bind the sleeper, casts them into the sea and returns to his oars.

He is none too soon. The sleeper starts himself up and rubs his eyes. His limbs fall upon his breast. He notices the broken string and the picture, a corner of which is sticking out. He becomes slightly pale and casts a glance toward Remy, whose impassive eyes seem to be scanning the distant horizon.

Mark quietly pushes everything back and buttons up his shirt, after which he stands up in the boat and stretches out his Herculean arms.

"Ah!" says he, "I have had a good nap! Well old fellow, anything new?" "Nothing new," replies Remy, very cordially.

"B-r-r-r! It is quite chilly. Suppose we take a drink, eh?"

And taking from his side the gourd which hangs there instead of a leather strap, he strikes it against the one his companion holds out to him. "Well! here's to you, little brother!" And Remy replies: "Here's to you." Translated from the French for The New Orleans Picayune.

Two Much Dandelion. California has a new grievance—the dandelion. Some years ago it is said that a citizen imported from the east the seed of the old fashioned dandelion. He wanted something to remind him of his early home. Like the man who imported the sparrow, he did worse than he knew. The sparrow is everywhere, so is the dandelion. The seed drifts in the wind like that of the thistle, the down is built into the nests of birds, and every seed which gets a lodgement on a lawn or grass plot will, in due time, produce a million more. Now the solitary dandelion is very attractive in bloom, and hardly less so when after the blossom the green globe appears, and a few days afterward goes sailing off before the wind like a small balloon. But the citizen who is forced to dig up his lawn because a million dandelion roots have strangled the grass will utter no benediction over this rich golden blossom.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Promptness Rewarded. One of Napoleon's veterans, who survived his master many years, was wont to recount with great glee how he had once picked up the emperor's cocked hat at a review, when the latter, not noticing that he was a private, said, carelessly, "Thank you, captain." "In what regiment, sir?" instantly asked the ready soldier. Napoleon, perceiving his mistake, answered, with a smile, "In my guard, for I see you know how to be prompt." The newly made officer received his commission next morning.—San Francisco Argonaut.

About English Swords. Lord Wolsey has been writing an essay upon the English sword, that proved in recent battles in the Sudan to be no better than sticks, bending and breaking under the most ordinary strain. He says that the present style of sword is too light by two or three ounces, and too thin in the "feller," but he thinks that one main trouble has been that the weapons are weakened by the tests to which they had to be submitted before acceptance, and he sagely suggests that it might be better to accept the swords without testing them.—Washington Critic.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption. Shiloh's Cough and Consumption. Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. Sold by Hough & McManus.

### COUNTY ROADS.

Good Roads Are Good Investments—Their Importance as a Factor in Development.

At a convention of the farmers of Long Island, New York, held a few days ago, ex-Gov. P. C. McCormick read a paper upon the value of good roads, which contained the following strong and suggestive sentence: "If you want to know where leaguings, society and religion are stagnant, you have only to look at the roads. We are not savages, but we are backward on this question."

If these words could be applied to populous Long Island by one of its citizens, with how much more force could they be employed in many other parts of the country?

It is the boast of many of the more populous counties of Kentucky that their roads are the best in the country, and this boast is justifiable, for there are no better dirt highways to be found in any agricultural district. What is more, the people have found that money spent in keeping their highways in good condition and in keeping them up to the standard, was profitably invested. It increased the value of their real estate, and it made a decided saving in the current annual expenses of all who frequently used them. The wear and tear of bad roads on animals, vehicles and harness is no inconsiderable addition to the expenses of farmers, and of all who have much carting to do. But it is not these alone who are the losers.

There is not a town or village whose merchants depend largely upon the outlying country for their trade, that does not suffer from long periods of dullness because of the bad condition of the highways. Were it possible to tabulate all the losses of the country during a single year from this one cause, the aggregate would run up to an astounding figure.

There is another phase of this subject of peculiar interest to the South. Any one who has visited its many winter resorts will have noticed that those are the most generously patronized, season after season, that are surrounded by good roads; for pleasure tourists, with plenty of money at command, are usually fond of riding and driving, and go where they can enjoy these recreations to their hearts content. For these reasons, and for many more that will be obvious to a practical man, it will pay every Southern community, both in town and in the country, to see to it that all their thoroughfares are put and kept in good condition. There is money in it, and there is a waste in its neglect.

### The Court House Case.

(Anniston Hot Blast.)

In publishing the following communication from Brothers, Willett & Willett, the attorneys who so ably represented the county in the case referred to, it is proper we should give a word of explanation. Upon the announcement that the Supreme Court had rendered a decision in the case against John H. Forney versus the county of Calhoun, reversing the decision of the Chancery Court, the Hot Blast deputized a reporter to investigate the matter, and ascertain the effect of the decision, the opinion in full not having been received. The statement of the case, as given in Friday's issue, was based upon information obtained, and the inference drawn from that data, that the result was favorable to Gen. Forney, was natural, but as the full opinion now shows erroneous.

Editor Hot Blast:—In your last Friday's issue you stated that the case of Forney vs. Calhoun county had been reversed by the Supreme Court, and then you jumped to the conclusion that Gen. Forney had won the case, stating that he now owned a seventh interest in the court house. In all of which you were in error, except as to the case being reversed. Both sides were dissatisfied with the decree of the Chancery Court in the case, and both sides appealed. The case was reversed, it is true, but it was on the county's appeal. It was rendered by the county winning the case out and out, the Supreme Court deciding that Gen. Forney had dedicated his interest in the land, and was entitled to no compensation therefor. We write this as attorneys for the county, and to correct the erroneous statements which have been given to the people of the county, who as citizens and taxpayers feel a lively interest in the case.

BROTHERS, WILLETT & WILLETT.

Rowell's Printers Ink says there are only six papers in the country today having each a circulation exceeding 100,000 daily. They are the Chicago News, the Boston Globe and the Boston Herald, the New York News and the New York World, and the Philadelphia Record. Only one of these—the Record—is an exclusively morning paper; one—the New York News—is an evening paper; while four—the Boston Globe and the Herald, and the New York World and the Chicago News—print both morning and evening editions. And, what is quite remarkable, not one of those widely-circulated journals support the republican party.

### THEY MET AS ENEMIES.

How a Father and Son Came to be Soldiers Under Different Flags.

C. E. Wells in Globe-Democrat.

The most remarkable case I ever noted of individual friendliness between northern and southern soldiers occurred at a camp on the Rapidan. Victims of the opposing armies were stationed on either bank of the narrow stream. Just after dark one night the silence was broken by the shout: "Hello, Johnny Reb," from a union man. He was answered in a moment by his opposite "comrade" with "Hello, Johnny Yank." Then the colloquy occurred:

"Who are you?" "Taylor, of Company A, First Massachusetts—Who are you?" "Taylor, of Company B, Fifth Louisiana." "What's your first name?" "Charles E. What's yours?" "Charles E. too."

This peculiar coincidence attracted the attention from all of the two armies within hearing, and they listened to the story yelled across the river from one army to another on the eve of the battle. It developed that they were father and son. The former had opposed his son's marriage to a factory girl, and the son had married just the same. He and his bride had taken the money the wealthy father had allotted him, and suddenly disappeared. Then the father repented, and continued an unavailing search until the war had called him. The son had gone to New Orleans, it transpired, and there gone into business and grown wealthy. He had been imbued with the southern spirit by his surroundings, and had taken up southern arms.

Next day two boats, under flags of truce, met in the river, and two armies witnessed the reunion. The following morning Charles E. Taylor, Jr., was missing from our command, and we never saw him until after Appomattox, when he walked into camp and told us he had gone over, taken the oath, and gone to his old home, where he had remained with his wife until Lee's surrender made it safe to see his old comrades. His desertion had been to avoid fighting his father.

### RUMOR THAT THE EAST TENNESSEE WILL EXTEND TO BIRMINGHAM.

Chief Engineer Wilson Confident of Great Railroad Building for This Year.

(Chattanooga Times.)

The talk in railroad circles just now is the rumor that the East Tennessee will extend its system to Birmingham, Ala., in the near future. If this is done the line will undoubtedly be built from this city through Birmingham to Selma, Ala., thus giving another competing line to Mobile and a new line from Birmingham to Norfolk.

Whether the change named will take place or not, it is pretty generally known that the East Tennessee people are contemplating a number of extensions during the present year, and the developments will probably be known within the next three months. In regard to Southern railroad building, Col. Cary A. Wilson, chief engineer of the East Tennessee, is reported in the Age-Herald as saying:

"The South is going to experience another railroad building during the present year. I have heard more moneyed men in New York talking of investing in Southern railroad securities during the past three months than for any past year and a better feeling prevails all over the North and East as regards the safety of Southern investments. In this general track laying boom Alabama will come in for her full share. It is the best known and most talked-of state in the North, and her inexhaustible ore beds are bound to draw railroads. Unless I am badly off in judgment the record of railroad building in Alabama for 1889 will far exceed that of 1888, which, I believe is accounted a phenomenal year.

"Not only in railroads, but in Southern securities generally more confidence prevails and capitalists evince more willingness to put out money. I stood in our Boston ticket office the other day for a few minutes and seventeen tickets were sold. I was surprised to find that fifteen of them were to points in Alabama."

Irish Times: There are four classes of men in the world. First, those whom every one would wish to talk to and whom every one does talk of; these are that small minority that constitute the great. Secondly, those whom no one wishes to talk to and whom no one talks of; these are the vast majority that constitute the little. The third class is made up of those whom everybody talks of, but no body talks to; these constitute the knaves. And the fourth is composed of those whom everybody talks to, but nobody of; and these constitute the fools.

How did I get rich?" quoth Commodore Vanderbilt once. "Why, chiefly by buying things when every body else was scared to death and tried to sell out."



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# The Republican.

Issued Weekly.

**SUBSCRIPTION-RATE:**  
One year, \$1.00.  
Six months, .50.  
Three months, .25.  
Subscription must be paid in advance. No notice will be given unless accompanied by the order.

**Rate of Advertising.**  
Transient advertisements 10 per square, and one inch makes a square.  
Local notices 10 cents per line.  
Advertisements must be handed in Thursday or before to insure insertion.

Ladies if you want the best Millinery go to Mrs. Kate Jelks.

There will be an immense fruit crop in this section this season. All kinds of fruit trees and vines are offered for sale.

For Ladies, Handkerchiefs, Novelties, Table Scarfs, &c., call on Miss Maggie Lester, Depot Street.

"Hacmetack," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. For sale by Hough & McManus.

Mr. Hunter, city engineer, of Anniston, and his force and engineer Adair, are making the survey of the Jacksonville, Williamsport & Anniston Railway.

War with Germany, it's all a mistake. But Rowan, Dean & Co. are still having an elegant trade on the "Nickel Ante" cigar, sold at 5c. Try a sample.

A nice line of Zephyr very cheap at Mrs. Kate Jelks.

T. J. Welsh was killed in a saw mill explosion near Anniston Monday. His family live in Texas and his body was shipped there.

Ah, there, my size? Boys, your sweet hearts will not love you if you do not smoke "Nickel Ante" cigars, for 5c. at Rowan, Dean & Co.

The next thing talked of for Jacksonville by the public spirited men who have done so much for the town is an ice factory and an electric light plant.

A nice line of Crepe Lisle Ruching at Mrs. Kate Jelks.

The Talladega District Conference will be held at Jacksonville, Alabama, August 2-4, 1889.

Mr. Brewton had a fine cow killed by the E. T. V. & G. train Thursday. It was on a trestle near the depot and but for the fact that the animal was hurled over the railing the result would have been serious.

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by Hough & McManus.

Deputy Sheriff Ed Vernon is dangerously sick with brain fever. At this writing he is unconscious. His many friends here are very anxious about him.

The Anniston Driving Park Association has abandoned the project of building a track at the McCully place near Oxford, but will build it in Oxanna, midway between Oxford and Anniston. The company have bought 20 acres of land at \$50 per acre, and got a good trade at that price.

Boys Silk Windsor Ties at Mrs. Kate Jelks.

We are agents for the "Nickel Ante" cigars. Guaranteed to be clear Havana filled.

Those parties who went to Anniston to see the engineers to work on the location of the railroad from here to Anniston report the people of Anniston as much gratified over the beginning of work, and acknowledge much courtesy at the hands of Col. McKleroy, President of the Anniston City Land Co.

To Gentlemen! If you want to save money, when you want to buy a suit of clothing, boys suits, straw or fur hats, shirts, scarfs, collars, cuffs, fine shoes or trunks, go to ULLMAN BROS.

Oh, yes, where did you find that pretty hat? At Mrs. Kate Jelks of course.

**Church Notice.**  
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. L. S. Handy, D. D., will preach Sunday at 11 a. m. Rev. Robt. Lapsley, at 7:40, p. m.  
METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. H. Bryson, D. D., will preach at 11 a. m. and 7:40, p. m.

Dresses cut and made in the latest style at Mrs. Kate Jelks.

To the Ladies!

We have the largest stock and finest line of dress silks, silk warp Henriettes, silk embroidered dresses, newest shades in cashmeres, imported satens, fine lawns, checked muslins, lace, embroideries, Persian trimmings, silk or cotton hose, silk mitts or gloves, gold and oxidized handle parasols, trimmed ladies hats, fine shoes, and in fact a full assortment in every department, which we will and can afford to sell for less than other houses. Give us a call and see for yourself, at ULLMAN BROS.

Four hundred Hats to select from at Mrs. Kate Jelks.

Baby Caps, Baby Caps, a nice line at Mrs. Kate Jelks.

Banker Johnston, of Birmingham, has been in Jacksonville some days, the guest of Gen. Forney.

You will find the prettiest line of white Gloves, Laces, Embroidered Handkerchiefs, Collars and Cuffs at Mrs. Kate Jelks.

North Alabama Presbytery convened in Jacksonville Tuesday, and holds until after Sunday, some very able sermons have been preached by visiting ministers.

Mr. Sam. Crook, of Anniston who was lately desperately ill in Rome, was in Jacksonville Thursday. His friends here are rejoiced to note his recovery. At one time his life was despaired of.

White Embroidered Flannel very cheap at Mrs. Kate Jelks.

If people abroad judge Jacksonville by the amount of advertising her business men do, they think it a very small place indeed. Our business men should do better. Aside from a desire to help a home paper and make it a good advertisement of the town, their own interests should impel them to advertise their business.

Shiloh's cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and Bronchitis.

To Merchants!  
Ullman Bros., of Anniston, have added wholesale departments, they have a full line of Ready Made Suits, Jeans Pants, fine and coarse Shoes, fur and straw Hats, white and colored Shirts, woolen dress Gowns, Prints from 4c up, Stripes at 5c, Bedtickings, Domestic Trunks, Parasols, Umbrellas, trimmed and untrimmed Ladies Hats, we bring from manufacturers direct for cash and will duplicate New York prices. We mean business and will sell goods cheap at ULLMAN BROS., Anniston, Ala.

Nick, Nickel, Nickels.  
For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. Sold by Hough & McManus.

Hark! Listen! 'Tis whispered on the street corners of Jacksonville, Ala., that Rowan, Dean & Co., are having immense sales on the "Nickel Ante" cigar. 'Tis guaranteed clear Havana filled. Sold strictly for 5c. each.

The following compose the membership of the North Alabama Presbytery now in session here:

Rev. F. M. McMurtry, Moderator.

Prof. J. D. Anderson, Temporary Clerk.

MINISTERS.—F. M. McMurtry, J. M. McLean, L. S. Handy, D. D.; R. M. DuBose, J. H. Bryson, D. D.; J. G. Laue, J. L. Brownlee, J. K. Spence, W. J. Sinnot, J. M. P. Otts, D. D.; R. A. Lapsley, A. J. Phillips, H. W. Fliam.

ELDERS.—W. F. Fulton, F. M. Savage, H. F. Montgomery, A. Cunningham, W. A. Orr, J. T. Houston, B. W. Sherrod, J. E. Webb, R. D. Johnston, J. J. Ramsay, J. M. Caldwell, M. J. Gilchrist, J. D. Anderson, S. H. Morris, Jno. S. Leeper, P. H. Randolph, W. R. Hubbard, J. H. Mobins, W. P. Jewells, A. W. Parton.

The local clergy of the churches of different denominations were invited to seats on the floor during the sitting of Presbytery.

The attention of our readers is attracted to the extra large advertisement of "The Famous" at Anniston this week.

The REPUBLICAN has had frequent occasion to speak well, both of the stocks and business methods of this fine establishment; but large and varied and praiseworthy as have been its stocks of goods heretofore, they have not approached in elegance, abundance or reasonableness of price the immense stock of this season. It is bewilderingly large and bewilderingly pretty. The question when you stand in the store and look at the fine display of gentlemen's goods before you is not whether you shall find what will suit you, but how to choose among so many patterns, qualities and cuts. One of the best things about this establishment, as we have heretofore said, is the uniformity of price. It is a one price store and the man who is no judge of goods can get just as good bargains as the man who is a fine judge of goods. The goods bear price according to quality and the styles are all of the latest.

This guarantee arises also from the character of the men who compose the firm as from any other cause. They are men of the strictest principles of probity in business. Added to this, (and this gives custom and enables them to them to sell low) is the courtesy to customers which marks the establishment from the head of the firm to the employee. A gentleman is assured of the most obliging and courteous attention in this house whether he wishes a seventy-five dollar suit or a collar button.

The house has a large and well deserved trade for all these reasons. Don't fail to look at their beautiful and mammoth stock when you go to Anniston. The store is in the Constantinian building on the corner of Noble and Tenth streets.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold by Hough & McManus.

Judges, Lawyers and Physicians highly recommend the "Nickel Ante" cigar as the only promoter to happiness. For sale for 5c. at Rowan, Dean & Co.

Chancery Court convened here Monday, Chancellor McSpadden presiding. The court holds all week.

The biggest line of Millinery ever in Jacksonville, at Mrs. Kate Jelks.

Mr. Norwood, Job Printer, of Anniston, called on the REPUBLICAN while in Jacksonville Thursday.

Having spread herself on the railroad subscription and surpassed even her own expectations, Jacksonville is now studying over her next big move. Whatever she attempts she will do, and this may be very safely depended on.

Some of the old soldiers of the gallant Pelham's command, living at Anniston, announce their purpose to be here Saturday to decorate his grave.

The surveying corps of the Chattanooga Southern Railroad is coming steadily this way. The party are now above Centre. Let them come as they may to Anniston they cannot miss Jacksonville, without going from 12 to 15 miles out of the way. Jacksonville is certain to get this road when it is built.

Town talk, Misses Corsets for 35c at Mrs. Kate Jelks. You can't beat it.

Rev. M. H. Lane says he is going to undertake the work of putting the fountain and park in the public square and this is guaranteed that it will be done. Let the town see it that he is supported in doing it well. Our people should be satisfied with nothing less than pretty iron railing on sandstone foundation for the enclosure. Therein place a rustic fountain and the ladies will see that it is made beautiful with Bermuda sod and flowers.

The following attorneys from other points have been here attending Chancery Court this week: Hon. Frank Pettus, Jno. Knox, B. F. Cassady, D. C. Blackwell, Pelham Agard, Chas. Wilkerson, Jno. Pelham, Jas. E. Webb, W. W. Whitehead, E. H. Hanna, Jno. M. Caldwell, J. J. Willett, E. D. Willett, Jr., Jas. H. Savage, Jos. Carthel, Gordon McDonald, R. B. Kelly, J. A. W. Smith. In this list the bars of Selma, Anniston, Talladega, Birmingham, Greenville, Oxanna and Oxford are represented.

Marshall Privett has been laying down the white cementing gravel from the mountain on the sidewalks and they have been greatly improved. This gravel is a wonder. It comes out of the earth loosely, but when laid on red clay foundation and exposed to air and rain it cements of itself until it becomes as hard as gravel laid in Portland cement. As it is practically inextinguishable, it can be readily seen that Jacksonville has ready to hand a material for making the finest streets in the world, at little cost comparatively.

Try the Tiptop Bustle, the latest, at Mrs. Kate Jelks.

St. Luke's Episcopal Church.

The following services will be held in the Episcopal church, Providence permitting:  
FRIDAY, 19th.—Service, with sermon 11 a. m. Holy communion, 3 p. m.  
EASTER SUNDAY.—Holy communion, 7 a. m. Services with sermon at 11 a. m.  
Public cordially invited.

Survey and location of the Jacksonville, Williamsport & Anniston Railroad began in Anniston Tuesday. Capt. Jas. Crook, President of the road and Mr. Gaboury went to New York Thursday morning on business connected with the enterprise. The building of this road will begin an era of good feeling and mutual interest between Anniston and Jacksonville that will result in a more rapid development of the resources of the county and which will be of great benefit to the county in many ways. In union there is strength.

Stockholders Meeting.  
To the stockholders of the Jacksonville Mining & Manufacturing Company:

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the Jacksonville Mining & Manufacturing Company will be held at the company's office in the town of Jacksonville, Ala., on the 6th day of May, 1889, at three o'clock, p. m. By order of the board of directors, April 13, 1889.

P. D. Ross, Sec'y. J. W. Burke, Pres.

april 20-31

The County Wins.

The News was in error last Saturday in stating that the supreme court had decided the case of Forney vs. Calhoun county, in the matter of the Court House suit in favor of the former. The county wins the case out and out, the supreme court deciding that Gen. Forney had dedicated his interest in the ground to the public. Brothers, Willett & Willett represented the county and they deserve great praise for successfully clearing the cloud from the temple of justice of Calhoun county. We regret that we were led into the error of publishing the fact exactly contrary to what it was.—Anniston News.

Tax Notice.

I will be in Jacksonville Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 24, 25 and 26, 1889, for the purpose of assessing State, County and Poll tax for 1889.  
At Alexandria Tuesday, April 23.  
At Piedmont Beat 5, Friday, May 3rd.  
J. V. Riddick, Assessor.

## BANK ROMANCES.

Strange Stories Connected with the Establishment of London Banking House.  
Banking is not generally regarded as a romantic pursuit, nor is it so in the ordinary course of business, but inasmuch as its whole concern is with money, for which man will venture most things, it often marks the center round which stories of love, ambition, robbery and intrigue are built.

It was a love affair that gave rise to the firm of Jones, Lloyd & Co., now amalgamated with the London and Westminster bank. Mr. Lloyd was a dissenting minister in Manchester and among the worshippers at his chapel was Mr. Jones, the banker and merchant.

Mr. Jones' daughter Mary fell in love with the preacher, and fearing that her father's consent to their union could not be obtained, she agreed to a secret marriage.

After a time Mr. Jones became reconciled to the young people, and sent his son-in-law to London to start a branch of the banking business there.

This proved to be a wise step. Mr. Lloyd made a most excellent banker and for many years was at the head of what developed into one of the wealthiest banks in the country.

In 1844 Lewis Lloyd purchased Overstone Park, near Northampton, where he resided until 1883. He bequeathed three millions of money, and his only son, Samuel Jones Lloyd, was created Lord Overstone.

In the early years of the banking house of Calhoun many strange incidents occurred. Thomas Coutts, about 1700, married his brother's housemaid, a farmer's daughter, named Elizabeth Starkey, "in whom, with a handsome countenance and great good humor, were united many just virtues."

In course of time she acquired the manners and appearance of a gentleman, and brought up her three daughters so well that, with the help of their dowries, they were able to make most aristocratic alliances.

Sophia, the eldest, was married to Sir Francis Burdett; Susan, the second, became countess of Guildford, and Frances, the third, was made the wife of the first Marquis of Bute.

But Mrs. Coutts showed symptoms of brain derangement in her later years, and eventually died, 1813. Three months afterward Thomas Coutts, then 73 years of age, married as his second wife the famous actress, Eliza Mellon.

It was for her that Holly Lodge on Highgate Hill was bought and stocked with horses, carriages and luxurious furniture.

Thomas Coutts died in 1822, leaving his wife in unrestrained possession of all his personal and landed property, as well as a large share in the annual profits of the banking house.

When, some time afterward, Mrs. Coutts became Duchess of St. Albans, she took care to secure her vast fortune in her own hands, and at her death left it to Mr. Coutts' favorite granddaughter, the present Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

The romance connected with the once famous firm of Tilloson & Necker, this made use of by Charles Dickens in his "Tale of Two Cities."

This bank had a very close relationship with Paris, many of its customers being French.

Peter Tilloson had belonged to the Paris firm of Tilloson & Necker, this Necker, first clerk and then a partner, being the great financial minister whose wife was the first love of Gibbon. He migrated to London and established a bank, which grew to vast proportions, in connection with the Paris house.

Peter Tilloson's will was one of the most memorable documents ever drawn up. After leaving modest fortunes to his wife and sons and daughters, he directed his property to accumulate until his descendants should become, under certain conditions, the most opulent of private individuals. Failing such descendants, the money was to go to pay off the national debt.

It has been explained, though with what amount of truth is not known, that the accumulation was partly intended to provide against the possibility of claims being made by the representatives of such of the bank's customers as had perished by the guillotine in Paris. Had the original bequest been upheld, the ultimate inheritor of it would have become the possessor of at least twenty millions. As it was, the lawyers wrangled over the accruing wealth for many years, and in the end an act of parliament was passed rendering such accumulations impossible in the future.—London Tid Bits.

A Pocket Locomotive.

In the year 1883 a mechanic in the name of Goldie, living at Jamestown, N. Y., constructed a miniature locomotive, perfect in all its parts, which weighed but one pound and a half. A circular track ten feet in diameter was also built by the inventor, whose time must have hung heavily on his hands, and hour after hour he amused himself by watching this pocket edition of the most useful piece of mechanism spin round and round its tiny orbit. Goldie's claims to have worked upon his model during all his spare time for over eight years. As it stood finished ready for the track it was comprised of 200 pieces, held together by 535 screws. One ounce of water filled the boiler and the pumps threw one drop each stroke.—John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

An Untimely Request.

They get a new man in the photographing department of the prison the other day. He had been accustomed to posing elegant ladies and stylish dudes and people like that, and he had learned that peculiar politeness that seems to develop in and disappear from professional photographers. They brought in a prisoner to be photographed and stood him up. The new operator was a little rattled, but the policeman posed the prisoner. The photographer took out his watch, and as he put his hand on the cap looked kindly at the subject and said:

"Now, sir, put on a pleasant smile, please."—San Francisco Chronicle.

R. B. KELLY. J. A. W. SMITH.

KELLY & SMITH

Attorneys at Law

Will practice in all the courts both State and Federal, and in Calhoun and adjoining counties.

SHOW CASES

## Tax Sale.

Notice is hereby given that the following lands and lots were decreed by the Probate Court of Calhoun county, Alabama, on the 8th day of April 1889 it being the 2nd Monday in said month and a regular term of said court, to be sold for the taxes and costs due thereon for the year 1888 and previous years, and notice is hereby further given that said lands will be sold by the undersigned, as Tax Collector, within the legal hours of sale on Monday the 18th day of May 1889 before the court house door in the town of Jacksonville, Ala., to satisfy said taxes and costs to-wit:

Owner Unknown, Pre. No. 6.—W 1/4 of SE 1/4 Sec. 25, T. 14, R. 6.—80 acres.  
Taxes for 5 years \$0.40  
Costs 1.20  
Advertising 3.25  
Total \$4.85

L. B. Bunney Pre. No. 9.—Lot in Piedmont one-eighth of an acre, bounded south by C. I. St. and north by Jacksonville road, west by J. A. Woolf and east by I. J. Sharp.  
Taxes for 5 years \$3.00  
Costs 1.20  
Advertising 4.40  
Total \$8.60

Owner Unknown Pre. No. 15.—Lot No. 10, Block 2, as shown in Walker's map of Anniston Ala., of 1888.  
Taxes for 1888 \$28.50  
Costs 1.20  
Advertising 3.20  
Total \$32.90

Owner Unknown Pre. No. 15.—Lot No. 28, Block 2, as shown in Walker's map of Anniston Ala., of 1888.  
Taxes for 1888 \$24.50  
Costs 1.20  
Advertising 3.30  
Total \$29.00

Owner Unknown Pre. No. 15.—Lot No. 13, Block 2, as shown in Walker's map of Anniston Ala., of 1888.  
Taxes for 1888 \$28.50  
Costs 1.20  
Advertising 3.30  
Total \$33.00

Henry Wyatt, Pre. No. 13.—Lot No. 16, Block 5, map of Anniston Ala., of 1888.  
Tax for 1888 \$12.50  
Costs 1.20  
Advertising 1.10  
Total \$14.80

H. Horne—S. B. Brewer, Ag't, Pre. No. 15.—Lots 22 and 23, Block 5, Anniston Ala.  
Tax 19.20  
Costs 1.45  
Advertising 3.30  
Total \$23.95  
D. Z. GOODLETT, Tax Collector.

April 13-14

Tax Decrees.

The Tax Collector of Calhoun county, Ala., D. Z. Goodlett, filed in my office on March 9th 1889, a list of lands and lots upon which the taxes and costs were unpaid for the year 1888, and back years. Notice is hereby given, unless the owner or agent comes forward and pays off the taxes and costs accrued on said lands and lots, or show cause why the Decree should not be rendered against said lands and lots, the sale there of a decree will be rendered on the 18th day of May 1889, being the 2nd Monday in said month and a regular term of the Probate Court of said county, for the sale of said lands for the payment of the taxes assessed against them, and costs for the year 1888 and previous years for which they escaped taxation, as follows:

Owner Unknown, Pre. No. 2.—Half interest in the S 1/4 of SW 1/4, Sec. 7, T. 14, R. 8; E 1/2 of NW 1/4, and part of W 1/2 of NW 1/4, Sec. 18, T. 14, R. 8.  
Taxes for 1888 \$4.40  
Costs 1.20  
Advertising 3.90  
Total \$9.50

F. H. Lacy, Pre. No. 15.—17 1/2 acres on East side of SE 1/4 Sec. 10, T. 14, R. 7.  
Tax 1887-8 12.25  
Costs 2.20  
Advertising 2.00  
Total 16.45

EMMETT F. CROOK, Judge of Probate, Calhoun Co. Ala.

April 13, 1889-3w

Town Election.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, COUNCIL CHAMBER, April 9th 1889.

Be it ordained and ordered by the Town Council of Jacksonville, That there shall be on the 25th day of April 1889 in the Court House in said town opened and held a election for the purpose of electing a Mayor and five Councilmen for said town for the year 1889, which said election shall in regard to the time for opening and closing the polls and in all other respects be conducted in the same manner as state and county elections are conducted, with the exception that it shall be a sufficient legal notice of the holding of said election to make two insertions of its order in the Jacksonville Republican before said 25th of April 1889 and that it shall be the duty of the returning officer as soon as the managers shall have delivered to him a sealed statement of the election, to forthwith return the same to the Mayor who shall on the same day or as soon thereafter as practicable convene the Council who shall proceed without delay to open the return and declare the result of the election.

It is further ordered, That John Y. Henderson, George Crow and John Hough be and they are hereby appointed managers of said election, and Raymond Nansand and Henry Edwards clerks, and J. J. Priest is appointed returning officer of said election. By order of the Council H. L. STEVENSON, Mayor.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a Ven. Ex. issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun county, Alabama, on the 1st day of April 1889, against Mark Johnson and Mary Johnson and in favor of Ledbetter & Farmer, I will proceed to sell at public outcry to the highest bidder for cash, before the court house door in the town of Jacksonville Ala., on Monday the 18th day of May 1889 within the legal hours of sale the following described real estate to-wit:  
The W 1/2 of SW 1/4 and SW 1/4 of NW 1/4, Sec. 30, T. 13, R. 8, east all in Calhoun county, as the property of Mark and Mary Johnson to satisfy said execution.

E. P. CARPENTER, Sheriff.

april 14

# GRAND SUCCESS.

Our Millinery Opening last week, of Ladies' Trimmed Hats, Ribbons and Flowers; also fine Dress Goods with Persian Trimmings, Passanteries, Parasols and Gloves to match, was the finest display and grandest success ever seen in this part of the country.

We are having now the finest line of Dress Goods, Dry Goods, House Furnishing Goods, Ladies and Mens fine Shoes, Kid, Silk and Lisle Thread Gloves, Mitts, Hosiery and Handkerchiefs ever seen in this city.

READY MADE CLOTHING.

We have now Twenty Thousand Dollars worth of Ready made suits for Men, Youths and Boys, also Fur and Straw Hats, Mens' fine Shoes, White and Colored Shirts, Hose, Collars and Cuffs, and a beautiful line of the Scarfs all of which we can and will sell for less than any other.

HOUSE IN TOWN.

We buy for four stores; Talladega, Anniston, Gadsden and Attalla for cash from

MANUFACTURERS DIRECT,

Save from 20 to 25 per cent., which we will give our customers the benefit of

Please Call and See For Yourself At

ULLMAN BROS.

ANNISTON, ALABAMA.

TO THE LADIES

OF

Jacksonville and Vicinity.

My Spring Stock of Dry Goods is now ready and invites your inspection. My great success last season in selling goods at New York prices and marking everything in plain figures has encouraged me to bring from New York much the largest and most complete Stock of Dry Goods ever shown in this section. The Spring Goods are very attractive and prices this season very low.

To Customers from Jacksonville purchasing to the amount of Five Dollars, I will Deduct Railroad Fare one way For Ten Dollars, both ways. Samples sent on Application. Agent for Butterick's Patterns. Agent for Gold and Silver Shirts.

W. T. WILLSON,

West Side Noble St., Anniston, Ala.

april 14

T. R. WARD,

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS,

SHOES, NOTIONS & C.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

In addition to my stock kept at the old stand beyond the Depot, I have recently placed a nice and select stock of DRY GOODS and GROCERIES at the Woodward corner on the public square, where my customers can be well served.

New Goods---Select Stock.

Call and examine my stock at either store before purchasing elsewhere. may 20th

T. R. WARD.

Anniston Arms Co.

TENTH STREET,

NEAR E. T. V. & G. DEPOT.

Guns, Rifles, Pistols,

CARTRIDGES.

Will sell as cheap as any house North, East, South or West.

Guns, Rifles, Pistols,

CARTRIDGES.

LAWN TENNIS, BASE BALL,

Gymnasium Fishing Tackle,

And all kinds of

Sporting Goods.

Agents for



## TAKE A TOWN.

Boston, Col., in the Hands of a Gang of Desperadoes.

Lamar, Col., April 14.—The Southern stage, which arrived this evening from Boston, brings a report that Bill Thompson and his gang left there last evening. They had occupied the town since Monday night, and completely disarmed the inhabitants. "Guns" and "pistols" of every sort were taken possession of and a large amount of cartridges were thrown into a well. Only one building was set on fire, and this the robbers were induced to extinguish before much damage had been done.

The object of the raid was to capture Dr. Brown and Editor Daniels, but in this they were not successful, as these gentlemen were not to be found. They took during their stay such articles as they needed from the stores, but no general pillage took place. They left last evening but promised to return for Brown and Daniels. Bill Thompson has an old grudge against the parties named, and "swears" he will kill them on sight. Bill Thompson is the leader of a band of cut-throats that make their headquarters in the neutral strip.

## BABY IN AN INCUBATOR.

How a Mite of Humanity is Struggling for Life in a Box.

Worcester, Mass., April 14.—A mite of humanity, brought into the world thirteen weeks before the course of time, is to-night sleeping quietly in an incubator hastily made from a dry goods box by Dr. C. H. Darling, of this city. The child is that of Mrs. Onesimo Brissette, of 74 Prescott street. Dr. Darling decided to make an attempt to save the life of the frail piece of humanity, born last Thursday without strength to eat and without vitality enough to endure the slightest change of temperature.

A box of a suitable size from a grocery store was hastily procured and a carpenter called. A shelf divides the box into a lower and upper half. On the shelf the baby was placed, carefully wrapped in cotton batting. The lower portion is occupied by bottles of hot water. A slide at the bottom admits air, which passes over the hot water bottles up to the baby and out at the top. A saturated sponge gives the right degree of dampness to the air, and a thermometer enables the parents to keep the temperature at 90 degrees, which is the required point. A pane of glass at the top gives light.

The little one has to be fed every two hours with a teaspoon, and three teaspoonfuls constitute a meal. She weighs two and three quarter pounds. She has grown strong day by day and can now cry louder and move her arms and legs more vigorously than when she arrived. She will live in the little box over two months.

## Ex Cathedra.

The Gadsden Bee, a weekly Republican paper, has the following comments on the Sublett Hall Convention, held in this city last Wednesday:

"The organization of a Republican League is bound to advance the interests of the party in Alabama. Bob Moseley and his gang were most effectually 'sat down on' and the colored brother left to shift for himself and vote with whatever party he may desire. The sooner such men as Bob Moseley, 'Monkey-wrench' Wilson and a few others of that kind are given the grand bounce by the party the better it will be for its success. The Bee proposes to advocate the true principles of the Republican party, but intends to remain white, with no ill feeling toward the negro. He is with us to stay and we are willing to allow him all the privileges he deserves, but as a politician and manipulator of conventions he is a failure and this fact should be impressed upon his mind at the earliest possible moment. Let him alone, keep him out of politics, and his condition and the condition of the party he has so long affiliated with will be much improved."

The editor of the Bee was a member of the convention and took an active part in its proceedings. What the Bee says in this regard may therefore be regarded as ex cathedra. —Birmingham Age-Herald.

## ALABAMA IN BRIEF.

The Montgomery exposition will open on November 5th next.

The Times reports a very lively demand for horses in Eufaula.

The South Alabama Presbytery met in Eufaula Monday the 15th inst.

Mrs. Jordan Duncan, an estimable lady of Tuscaloosa, died on Thursday the 11th inst.

Eliza Gardner, a negress, aged 41, regarded as the largest woman in Jefferson county, died in Birmingham recently. She weighed 250 pounds.

The Marion Standard plaintively remarks: "We are ready to receive a load or two of wood and almost anything in the eating line."

The Preachers' Investment Company in Sheffield is stirring up some little excitement among the local clergy. The original mover says his object was to have a Preachers' Improvement Association.

Sheriff Smith, of Birmingham, who had a personal difficulty a few days since, has been indicted by the grand jury for carrying concealed weapons and for an assault with a weapon. Sheriff Smith is one of the best advertised men in the State.

Evergreen Star: The thousands of

LeConte pear trees in this county are looking very fine, and, in a few years make the people proud of their business foresight, and will, without necessitate a canning factory at this place.

Bessemer, which has just passed its second anniversary, is the sturdiest little two-year-old in the State. It has 4,000 people, a number of fine buildings and numerous industries. It is well christened the "Marvel City."

The Carbon Hill Dispatch says that the good people of Jasper are so sure that a boom will strike that town at an early day that they are sitting up nights watching for its appearance. Such patience merits a huge reward, but would it not be better to get about the work of building a boom at home.

## What Doctors Say.

Have used S. S. S. in treatment of blood taint, with remarkable success. J. WILEY QUILLMAN, M. D., Kasky, S. C.

I have used S. S. S. for some time in the treatment of blood poison without disappointment. Physicians will be compelled to acknowledge its merits. N. L. GALLOWAY, M. D., Monroe, Ga.

I have used Swift's Specific in a very bad case of blood disease, and take great pleasure in saying it was a perfect success, producing a complete cure. I have also tried it in many other cases with good results. J. R. YERION, Millsap, Tex.

I have used Swift's Specific in my practice for some time, and find it to be all that the proprietors claim for it. D. M. McKnight, M. D., Magnolia, Ark.

I have taken Swift's Specific for secondary blood taint, and derived great benefit. It acts much better than potash or any other remedy that I have ever used. B. F. WINGFIELD, M. D., Richmond, Va.

Swift's Specific is entirely a vegetable medicine which has ever cured Blood Poison, Scrofula, Blood Humors and kindred diseases. Send for our books on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.

Drawer 3, Atlanta Ga.

## FARM NOTES.

The surest source of profit in farming may be found in brain power carefully trained and applied in every operation to the farm.

Do not delay burning the dried rubbish, clear up all the decaying weeds and get rid of all the refuse matter that may interfere with spring work.

Imagine the profits of sheep husbandry with the demand for mutton doubled, as it would be if good mutton was as easy to procure as poor mutton is now.

It is estimated that every bushel of hard wood ashes is worth at least 25 cents, and they therefore partially remunerate for the cost of the wood. The ashes should be stored in a dry place and covered, as they draw moisture from the atmosphere.

Bone meal and wood ashes we consider as the best fertilizer for the vineyard. An application of 600 pounds bone meal with an equal quantity of strong ashes, applied every third year, will keep the vineyard, if otherwise taken care of, up to its full limit of productiveness and in a healthy condition besides.

Here is a point for tomato raisers. At the New York agricultural station experiments made in growing tomatoes without transplanting proved very successful. Plants grown entirely in the open ground matured fruit in twenty-five days' shorter time than those which were cared for in the hot-bed the first two or three months of their existence. The result, according to the report, is certainly striking, and suggests that the check given to plants at the time of transplanting may have been nearly sufficient to overbalance all the time gained by forcing. Expert cultivators say that their earliest tomatoes come from self-grown plants where tomatoes were raised the previous year and some of the first rotted on the ground.

Washington's father died when the future president was twelve, Jefferson's when he was fourteen, Jackson's when the boy was born, Madison's when he was a youth, Garfield's when he was a mere babe, Harrison the elder's before he had reached his majority, Tyler's when he was thirteen, Johnson's when he was four years old and Hayes' and Cleveland's when they were young boys. The characters of nearly all of these were moulded by their mothers.

Some years ago an American sailor, named Carl Benjamin, was wrecked on one of the largest of the Caroline islands. He decided to make the island his home, as there was no work to do and plenty to eat. The natives, who are very good natured, took kindly to him, and have made him their king. He is a somewhat scholarly man, and is diligently teaching the natives English and the rudiments of civilized life. He has twenty wives and fifty children. Nothing, he says, would induce him to go back to his old home, Newburyport, Mass.

Boston Transcript: Prof. Hopkins said at the people's church yesterday that no man who sold liquor, or who drank liquor, could be a loyal citizen. If this be so the Union was saved from destruction by as ardent an army of traitors as ever marched under a flag.

It has just been announced that the government of Belgium will permit Gen. Boulanger to remain in that country so long as he may behave himself. If this means that he is not to engage in any intrigue the General is not likely to avail himself of the concession. Boulanger would die if not permitted to plot and gasconade and strut around.

John D. Rockefeller's wedding present to his daughter, who married recently the handsome son of an impetuous Baptist clergyman, was \$1,000,000 in cold cash. A trifle like that is mere pocket-money to the President of the Standard Oil company.

## IF You Want to Buy

GUANO, ACID PHOSPHATE, BRICK, LIME, SHINGLES, LATHES, WAGONS, BUGGIES, HARNESSES, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, STATIONERY, Call on Porter, Martin & Co.

## IN GROCERIES WE KEEP

GRANULATED SUGAR, Y. C. SUGAR, BROWN SUGAR, LOAF SUGAR, PULVERIZED SUGAR, RIO COFFEE, ARBUCKLE'S, Evaporated Apples, Dried Apples, Prunes, Pickles, Cat Flakes, Canned Goods of every description, Hams, Sausage, Rice, Grits, Irish and Sweet Potatoes, Baking Powders, Pepper, Spice, and everything else usually kept in stock.

## HARDWARE.

Single Bit Axes, Double Bit Axes, Hand Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Chisels, Saws, Hand Saws, Cross-cut Saws, Key-hole Saws, Files, Mill-saw Files, Hand-saw Files etc.,

## Plows,

old style and latest patent, Spirit Levels, Steel Squares, Trace Chains, Breast Chains, Single Trees, Plow Stocks, Pony Plows, all styles of Plow Hoes, Scovel Hoes, Goose-neck Hoes, Combination Hoes and Tools, for Handle, Harrow Teeth, Nails, (best steel), Pocket Knives, all kinds; Carving Knives and Forks, and a great many other things too numerous to mention.

Call on us when you want to buy anything in our line.

Respectfully,

PORTER, MARTIN & CO.

## ELLIS & STEVENSON

Attorneys at Law,

Jacksonville, Alabama.

## Jas. S. Kelly

Notary Public and Ex-Officio

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

At Oxford, Ala.

Courts 2nd Saturday in each month

## Jacksonville Hotel,

(D. W. Warlick, Lessee.)

This hotel has been recently refitted throughout. Clean rooms. Good fare. Charges moderate.

oct25dt

## STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

Established for the Training

OF

Teachers of Both Sexes.

No further examination required of any teacher who holds a diploma from this school.

A Training School is sustained in connection with the Normal School. Excellent advantages in Music and Art are offered.

Tuition in Normal School, Free. Tuition in Training School from \$1.00 to \$4.00 per month.

For Catalogue apply to the President.

C. B. GIBSON.

aug25dt

## NOTICE NO. 8671.

Land office at Montgomery Ala

March 19th, 1889.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge of the Probate Court at Jacksonville, Ala., on April 24th, 1889, viz: Thomas W. Hargrave, claiming No. 12345 of the SW 1/4 of SE 1/4 of S 24 of T 10, R 16, S 18, E 1st.

He names the following witnesses to prove his claim: John H. Garrett, Decaturville, Alabama; Frank Hanna, Oxford, Alabama; William M. Hanna, Jacksonville, Alabama.

mar25dt

## Cheap Money.

As correspondent of the Loan Co., of Alabama, I can offer money on improved farms at reduced rates.

H. L. STEVENSON.

july14dt

## Jacksonville Planing Mill.

Dressed Lumber of all kinds, such as floor, joist, ceiling, woodwork, etc., always on hand. Orders filled quickly. Address JACKSONVILLE PLANING MILL, Jacksonville, Alabama.

## JAS. HUTCHISON

HAIR DRESSER AND BARBER, (Jacksonville Hotel.) JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

## B. G. McCLELEN,

County --- Surveyor

Alexandria, Ala.

## HAMMOND & CROOK.

STILL TO THE FRONT!!!

Having added to our general line of Goods a large stock of

Clothing, Dress Goods, Notions,

and many Specialties, we defy competition in prices.

Our friends are specially requested to call and examine prices. "A dime saved is a dime made."

Dry Goods, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Hardware,

NEW ORLEANS SUGARS and SYRUPS, BEST RIO COFFEES, Roasted and Green, OOLONG and IMPERIAL TEAS, CALIFORNIA FRUITS & VEGETABLES, BACON, LARD, HAMS & BEEF, PICKLES, CHOW, CHOW and SAUCES.

## FLOUR, MEAL & BRAN.

Call and see us, and we will please you in prices and what we have not on hand will order at once. Our motto, "short profits and quick sales."

## STRICTLY FOR CASH,

and intend keeping everything in the Family Grocery line.

Country produce taken in exchange for goods.

We tender thanks to friends for past favors and solicit a further trial.

sept29-11 HAMMOND & CROOK.

## Guanos, Guanos.

THE CELEBRATED

ATLANTA AMMONIATED SUPER PHOSPHATES,

AT

## CROW BROS.

Testimonials of the best farmers in Calhoun county given who used this guano last year. A large lot of Tennessee Rust Proof Oats on hand. New York Seed Potatoes, Peerless, Early Rose and Beauty of Hebron. Give us a call when you come to town.

## E. G. MORRIS & SONS

MORRISVILLE, ALABAMA,

Founders and Machinists and Practical Millwrights.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

## MORRIS TURBINE WATER WHEEL.

Superior in many points to any other wheel now manufactured.

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

AGENTS FOR THE

## EUREKA WHEAT CLEANING MACHINE

Our Mr. E. G. Morris, senior member of the firm, has an experience of forty-three years as a practical mill-wright and has given the highest satisfaction wherever he has undertaken work. The firm will take contracts to build or repair Mills and other Water Powers generally. Estimates furnished for new work or repairs on application.

We refer to any parties now using our Wheel as to its durability, efficiency and simplicity of parts. It is composed of very few pieces and is cheaper than any other first-class wheel on the market. All work given us, pushed to completion with dispatch and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders and correspondence solicited.

\$8,063.50 TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

THE MAMMOTH TWELVE-PAGE

## WEEKLY AGE-HERALD

To increase the circulation of the WEEKLY EDITION, already the largest in Alabama, to

THE LARGEST IN THE SOUTH!

THE AGE-HERALD offers the most liberal and extensive number of useful and valuable articles ever made by a newspaper, to be distributed on the 1st DAY OF NEXT JULY, in which EVERY NEW SUBSCRIBER WILL PARTICIPATE.

These 1277 Gifts are all useful and valuable, no one worth less than \$1. The regular subscription price, while many are worth \$5.00, \$10.00, and ten of them, \$20.00 each; among which are: Seven town and city lots, one \$500.00 lot, one \$1,000.00 lot, one \$1,500.00 lot, one \$2,000.00 lot, one \$2,500.00 lot, one \$3,000.00 lot, one \$3,500.00 lot, one \$4,000.00 lot, one \$4,500.00 lot, one \$5,000.00 lot, one \$5,500.00 lot, one \$6,000.00 lot, one \$6,500.00 lot, one \$7,000.00 lot, one \$7,500.00 lot, one \$8,000.00 lot, one \$8,500.00 lot, one \$9,000.00 lot, one \$9,500.00 lot, one \$10,000.00 lot, one \$10,500.00 lot, one \$11,000.00 lot, one \$11,500.00 lot, one \$12,000.00 lot, one \$12,500.00 lot, one \$13,000.00 lot, one \$13,500.00 lot, one \$14,000.00 lot, one \$14,500.00 lot, one \$15,000.00 lot, one \$15,500.00 lot, one \$16,000.00 lot, one \$16,500.00 lot, one \$17,000.00 lot, one \$17,500.00 lot, one \$18,000.00 lot, one \$18,500.00 lot, one \$19,000.00 lot, one \$19,500.00 lot, one \$20,000.00 lot, one \$20,500.00 lot, one \$21,000.00 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# JACKSONVILLE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED 1837.

JACKSONVILLE, CALHOUN COUNTY, ALA., SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1889.

VOL. 52.

NO. 17.

## Announcement Extraordinary!

### THE FAMOUS GREETINGS YOU.

Once again with a meteoric display of splendid outfittings for men and boys for spring and summer wear that, in extent, variety, beauty of conception, design, make, fit, finish and wear-resisting qualities, combined with the very lowest possible prices, completely eclipses our best exhibits of the past and "shows under" any approach to serious competition in this section of the country.

## READ CAREFULLY,

Miss not a line of the following advertisement. It's personal will well repay you. Your time will not be wasted. You will at least learn something. It will benefit you to know, and the knowledge thus obtained will be no load to carry.

### MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING AND BOYS' SUITS

The stock that we submit for your approval this season comprises Suits and Overcoats made from the choicest fabrics the world's looms produce, constructed under our supervision into garments of irreproachable style and incomparable fit and finish and include the very latest creations of artistic skill—Plaids, Checks, Stripes, Mixtures, Combinations and Colors. Black, Blue and Brown Diagonals—wide and narrow wales. Worsteds, Tricots, Thibet Cloths, Cheviots, Tweeds, Cassimeres, and every weave and make that bears the stamp of fashion and comes up to our high standard of sterling merit. In Men's Suits the styles are the stately Albert Frocks. The popular 3 and 4-button Outwashes. The high buttoning and the soft, low roll Sack Suits, perfect models of the tailors' skill.

## The Boys' Suits

Come in two and three pieces, and Knee Pants for the little fellows. Pleated, Blouse Belted, Plain and Norfolk Suits. Charming styles seldom seen away from the world's great centers of fashion, but we see no reason why the boys of Aniston should not dress as stylishly as the boys of Paris, London, New Orleans and New York. The bigger boys and youths will find fittingly represented here styles so new and novel—and so many of them—as to deprive them of the luxury of a complaint. Spring Overcoats for men and boys in all the popular shades, from delicate fawn to sober black, and all at prices that will amaze and delight those who know the actual prices charged in other cities for goods of like merit.

## GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

It is a positive fact that, although we've spent the last years of our lives in the business we have never seen such charming things in gents' furnishings as we are showing here and now, or never been able to name such moderate prices for goods of equal value. Our exhibit of spring neck dressings is simply bewilderingly beautiful, they come in all the popular colorings, shades and styles. Our dress shirts are of our own creation and in absolute fitting properties can't possibly be excelled in all America. In fancy patterns we "sweep the deck." Dots, bars, combination stripes, quaint figures and odd conceits. Our showing of Negligee shirts is truly wonderful in its varied beauty of colorings in wool, delicate shades of silk, etc., etc. In underwear we beat our best records. Never had such a varied assortment of grades. Never more able to offer such intrinsic values. Never felt so sure of properly providing for your every want in that line, which of course, includes hosiery, suspenders and handkerchiefs.

## Hats and Umbrellas.

We keep every grade of hat that's good and every style of hat that's worn. We are the sole agents here for the celebrated "Taylor" hats of Baltimore, than which no better, finer or more fashionable are known. Silk hats, straw, "crush" and slouch hats. Square and round top Derbys in the Youmans, Miller, Knox and Dunlap blocks. Hats for the young and old, great and small. The man of quiet tastes and the youth of swell ideas. The most celebrated makers of Umbrellas in Silk, Gilt Cloth, Alpaca and Gingham. Some with Gold or Silver Tipped Handles, others with antique figures. Some plain and natural sticks and all of the best possible values for the prices marked—from \$1.00 to \$10.00. In conclusion we wish to thank the citizens of Aniston for the generous support that has made an establishment like "THE FAMOUS" possible here. A support that implies confidence in us and in our plain-dealing methods, and needless to say, that if sterling wares at lowest prices deserve continued patronage we feel sure of your future favors.

## THE "FAMOUS"

Clothiers, Furnishers and Hatters,

ANNISTON, ALABAMA.

### How do you Like It?



"ALL THE CO."

This elegant hat can be had only of  
**J. M. VANZANDT & CO.**  
DEPOT ST., JACKSONVILLE, ALA.  
DEALERS IN

**Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats,  
CLOTHING, SHOES & C.**

Stoves and pot ware at surprisingly low prices. Plow Stocks and Plow Gearing at prices that will please.  
**WE STILL LEAD IN FLOUR.**  
J. M. VANZANDT & CO.

**Livery and sale Stable,**  
**MARTIN & WILKERSON, Proprietors,**  
JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA.

Elegant vehicles. Good horses; careful drivers. Horses and Mules bought and sold. Stoves and pot ware at reasonable rates. Prices in keeping with the stringency of the times.

### MY TREASURES.

My children, how many? Why bless you, there's four.  
Two rollicking, fun loving boys,  
Who always give mamma enough work to do,  
But working is one of my joys.

Dear Ruby, who "helps mamma lots," in her way;  
And my baby so winning and sweet,  
Bright jewels adorning my withers crown  
In a home where angels may meet.

At the close of the day, I sit down beside  
My baby, to lull her to sleep;  
In sweet dreams of childhood the others repose;  
Kind Father, thy watch o'er them keep!

You ask me I worried with trouble and care;  
Ah, no, it is rest and sweet sleep,  
To be the fond mother of blossoms so fair,  
To guide in the right their young feet.

"Would I wish to exchange?" Not for kingdom or  
crown of all your wealth and your pleasures,  
You keep your fair lands and your couches of  
down,  
I'll keep what is best, my four treasures.

### THE TWINS.

And Maurice Keller began thus:  
The Larigues division had been fighting  
without a moment's respite since  
the commencement of the engagement.  
They had stuck like nails at Bruckmühl,  
at Albrechtshausen and in the forest  
of Niederwald, where we had a hand-to-  
hand struggle with the Germans.

But those terrible guns of De Bode,  
that gained a foothold on the heights  
of Gunstels, made it impossible  
to hold the positions taken. It was  
almost worth while having sacrificed  
the splendid Michel brigade, composed  
of the Eighth and Ninth Cuirassiers and  
the Sixth Lancers, in the charge at  
Morsbroun, and whose last survivors we  
had seen sated by the Thirteenth Prus-  
sian Hussars. This charge had only  
temporarily relieved the right wing of  
the army. We had just emerged from  
the edge of the Niederwald forest, when  
an order arrived from the marshal that  
Elasshausen must be retaken at any  
cost.

I had met my twin brother, Philippe,  
three times since the beginning of the  
battle. We had hardly had time to  
cheer each other with a smile of recogni-  
tion and call out from a distance:

"Is everything all right?"

"Yes, so far."

This "so far" was not a mere common-  
place. I can assure you, for our comrades  
were falling every instant, and the turn  
of one of us might come at any moment  
—a casualty that would have proved  
worse than death for the survivor.

The reader can form his own opinion;  
Philippe, who had just graduated from  
Saint Cyr, was in command of a  
company, while I belonged to the second  
battalion, in charge of a lieutenant. The  
Prussians, who had suspected MacMa-  
hon's design, had placed eight batteries  
on the east of the village, behind some  
cherry trees, on the road from Woerth  
to Gundersbroun.

We had entered Elasshausen and taken  
possession of the houses. A dozen  
of us had stationed ourselves at the win-  
dows, and fired so rapidly that the bar-  
rels of our chassapots had become hot.  
But in spite of the gaps we made in their  
ranks, one looking on from a distance  
would have said that they sprang from  
the earth, as they came on in serried  
columns.

The noise was deafening. Soon black  
smoke, like thick clouds, rose and cut off  
our view, but we still kept on firing at  
haphazard. Then the thick mass that  
rose slowly upward was pierced by long  
tongues of flame.

"The village is burning," said the old  
corporal who commanded us, while he  
continued to fire.

We had to stick like nails. The Prus-  
sians did not dare to come to close quar-  
ters with our death dealing guns, or the  
mitrailleuses that swept the roads lead-  
ing to our positions, but they kept up a  
rain of bombs on the village. There  
were with us the three Pelle divisions  
and all that were left of the Wissem-  
bourg, Cusset-Dumessin and Larigues.

I cast a glance down into the principal  
street and saw a troop officer fall.  
A captain and a second lieutenant were  
assisting him and stood him up against a  
wall, saw that the second lieutenant  
was my brother.

"Good heavens! the colonel has fallen,"  
I could not help exclaiming.

"This is a day of casualties; so much  
the better for the lieutenant colonel,"  
replied the corporal. "But go on with  
your work, my good fellow."

He had scarcely finished the sentence  
when a shell, struck the side of the win-  
dow, burst, carried away his head and  
made a hole in the wall, while another  
fell on the shingle roof, crushed it in and  
set it on fire.

We could stay there no longer. We  
had been smoked out and made the best  
of our way down stairs.

In the streets the regiments are mix-  
ed in inextricable confusion. Philippe  
is picking up the wounded and notices me.

"Follow us, Maurice."

And about thirty of us started to run  
at a quick step behind him and a fright-  
ful shower of bombs that naturally still  
further accelerated our pace.

We took refuge in a large brick struc-  
ture at the entrance of the village and  
stationed men at all the embrasures.

There were four of us in a room with  
Philippe, who was firing at my side. At  
the end of five minutes two men of the  
Seventy-fourth were wounded; one had  
his skull crushed and the other his breast  
half torn open. Suddenly my brother re-  
laxed his hold on his gun and he fell in  
his turn. I sprang to him.

"Philippe, where are you hurt?"

"I am done for," he replied; "it's my  
chest. Listen: the colonel, who has also  
received his death wound, gave Cap-  
tain Cella and me the funds of the regiment."

He stopped to spit out a mouthful of  
blood.

"I have eleven thousand francs in  
notes of the Bank of France in my  
pocketbook. You must put on my  
clothes. They can't tell us apart, and  
you must take charge of the money. If  
you are not killed you will be taken pris-  
oner. Search privates, but not of  
me. If you escape you must make  
your way to regimental headquarters."

For dyspepsia and liver complaint  
you have a printed guarantee on every  
bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.  
It never fails to cure. Sold by Hough  
& McManus.

and return the money to whoever may  
be in command. And now be quick!  
When I am undressed you must lay me  
on the bed at the end of the room and  
put your clothes by me."

I was dumfounded and obeyed me-  
chanically. Outside we could hear wild  
shrieks amid a deafening uproar.

"Here they are," murmured Philippe,  
again ejecting a quantity of blood.

And he turned his face toward me as  
if to kiss me.

I bent over him in a last embrace.  
At the same moment the door, which  
we had fastened carefully, flew open.

Three or four shots were fired but did  
not touch me, when a stentorian voice  
cried out:

"Stop!"

An officer advanced toward me and  
said in French:

"You are a prisoner, monsieur. Your  
sword!"

I was dragged down below, where I  
found some privates and officers sur-  
rounded by Germans. I was indeed a  
prisoner.

We marched towards Cologne. My  
heart did not give my conscience free  
play. I loved my brother more than I  
loved myself, and I also loved my coun-  
try more than I loved myself. They had  
snatched me from both in the crisis of  
their greatest agony. Those only who  
have lost a twin brother know that there  
is no ordinary grief. It is the other half  
of us that is dead.

Philippe and I had never been sepa-  
rated until he entered Saint Cyr. I had  
been rejected and my grief was terrible  
to witness.

My mother, the holy egoist, was  
pleased at it. You can guess why.

My father, chief of battalion, had been  
killed at Solferino. My sister, five years  
our senior, had been married at 10 to a  
young physician who had just settled in  
the west.

My mother was thus left alone, as from  
pecuniary reasons she had been obliged  
to leave her home, and she had been obli-  
ged to leave her home, and she had been obli-  
ged to leave her home.

Perhaps, but for the outbreak of the  
war with Germany I might have realized  
my dream, which was to have one of us  
study law and become a magistrate, so  
that we could live near her. But the  
blood of a soldier coursed through our  
veins, and as soon as war was declared I  
volunteered in Philippe's regiment.

Never were twins more entirely alike  
than we. There was absolutely nothing  
to distinguish us—that is nothing but  
difference in intellect. I learned far less  
easily than he, but of course that could  
not be known by any outward sign. In  
all other respects we were exactly alike.

As children our parents only told us  
apart by the color of our cravats. At  
La Fleche the matriculation number on  
our clothes answered the same purpose.

It was only when I was alone in the  
small room I hired from the little tailor  
at Cologne, that I had time to reflect on  
all the consequences of my assuming my  
brother's identity.

I really became a forger by appropri-  
ating a rank to which I had no right,  
and allowing a certificate of death to be  
entered in the books of the Etat Civil  
that was incorrect.

I had received a letter from my heart-  
broken mother asking for details of my  
own death, of which she had been in-  
formed. The peasants had found the lit-  
tle book containing my official description  
in the room where we had been fighting,  
as well as a letter I had received from my  
sister, and both had been sent to my  
brother-in-law, the physician, who the  
next day learned the sad story of the re-  
covered articles. They said that I had  
been carefully buried in the little grave-  
yard of Elasshausen, and that when the  
war was over my relatives could come to  
pick up my grave, or have my remains  
reinterred near them.

The crime that I had committed at the  
request of my poor dead brother weighed  
on me heavily. I was eager to return to  
France that I might give up that portion  
of the regimental funds that had been  
confided to me, and to establish my iden-  
tity.

At last the day arrived, and one morn-  
ing in the month of April, 1871, I rang  
at the door of the pretty house at Elass-  
hausen occupied by my aunt, a manufacturer's  
widow, and my charming cousin Odette,  
with whom my mother had found a  
home during the war.

April was exceptionally fine that year  
and the garden was rich in floral treas-  
ures.

All at once two voices cried out in uni-  
son:

"Philippe, my Philippe."

I was just in time to catch my poor  
mamma and Odette in my arms as they  
came near swooning away. They clasped  
me feverishly, almost wildly, in their  
embrace, as if some one was trying to  
snatch me from them.

Then Odette started back, leaving me  
to my mother, who strained me in her  
arms, gazed at me, again embraced me,  
and then suddenly exclaimed:

"See, Odette, how they have used him!  
He's only a shadow. What a terrible  
thing is war, and in what a condition it  
leaves back those whom it does not kill.  
They slaughtered my Maurice, and see  
what they have done with Philippe. Oh!  
my fine stalwart boys. Ah! the asses  
say you are not going back again; you  
understand, I won't have you in an-  
other butchery in Paris yonder!"

"Be calm, dear mother, my regiment  
is being reorganized at Havre and we  
shall not have to march against the Com-  
mune."

She turned to my cousin.

"Come, Odette, I am not jealous; he is  
yours too. Ah! Philippe, love her well.  
If you only knew how she has wept and  
prayed for you."

At that moment I remembered some-  
thing; Philippe and Odette adored each  
other and had sworn that they would re-  
main faithful. Must I also steal this  
child's love?

What should I do? Must I cry out, "I  
am deceiving you both, I am robbing  
you, dear mother, of your dearest grief,  
and dear of your affection, dear young  
girl?"

I therefore continued to play the part  
of Philippe. His dear personality in  
which I had robbed myself, burnt me  
like the shirt of Nessus. It seemed to  
me that I could see him starting from  
his grave at Elasshausen and crying:

"Enough! Give me back my uniform,  
my fiancée, my mother's sorrow. Give  
me back my life, robber!"

All at once—it is only women who are  
subject to this sudden change of ideas,  
but those who were living at that period  
will understand it—all at once my moth-  
er exclaimed:

"You are hungry, are you not? You  
have been hungry the last nine months.  
My hands must have the pleasure of pre-  
paring the first repast which you are to  
enjoy. Remain with Odette. You must  
have many things to say to each other."

"The young girl's face became illumi-  
nated with a spring aurora. She took  
my arm and pressed it."

"Oh, my beloved! What a day is this!  
It seems to me as if you had arisen from  
the dead!"

I turned pale and gazed at her wildly,  
kissing the arm that she was holding fast  
to me.

"What is the matter? Do you no longer  
love me?" she stammered, also losing her  
color.

"Yes, yes; but let us say no more about  
the dead; they cannot come to life again."

"True! Stay, I am selfish. I forgot  
the other one—your other self, he of  
whom I was almost jealous. I loved you  
so. Do you remember what you said to  
me there, under the arbor, when we bade  
each other good-bye?"

It seemed as if the earth was opening  
at my feet.

"Ah, yes! ah, yes!" I stammered like  
a culprit.

In this love duet I was playing out of  
time and tune, and was no doubt felt it.

"Tell me what it was," she went on  
suspiciously.

"Excuse me; I've thought of so many  
things since. My poor head! My brother-  
in-law!"

She pushed me away, gazing at me  
with a frightened expression.

"Are you not Philippe? Stay! what a  
horrible thought! You are not Philippe.  
If you had been you would have already  
taken me in your arms and covered me  
with kisses so I could not have spoken."

And white as a ghost she shrunk back,  
holding up her finger like an accusing  
weapon, and said in a voice trembling with  
emotion:

"You are Maurice, and it's Philippe  
who is dead."

I fell on my knees before her and cov-  
ered my face with my hands.

"Pardon," I murmured.

She uttered a piercing shriek and fell  
to the ground as one dead.

My aunt, my mother, the servant,  
everybody, came running in. She lay  
on the floor apparently lifeless, while I  
was on my knees sobbing. What could  
I say? I confessed all.

The colonel of the regiment had  
escaped the casualties of war and was  
residing on his estate near Nantes. I set  
out the same evening, leaving Odette in  
a sort of cataleptic fit, in charge of the  
physicians and went to return to him  
the sacred deposit intrusted to me by  
my brother and to tell him my terrible  
story.

He embraced me as if I were his son,  
undertook to make everything right and  
sent me back to my afflicted relatives  
with the expectation of obtaining a three  
months' leave of absence.

It came a fortnight later with a medal  
"for bravery at the battle of Elass-  
hausen, and for having saved half the  
funds of the regiment."

Ah! youth! At the end of a month,  
thanks to our tender care, Odette was  
herself again and I told her all. We en-  
tered into an engagement, and it was to  
last until the close of the war provided I  
could obtain my mother's consent.

When my leave of absence expired I  
said to the poor child:

"Odette, I am going away again; coun-  
fort my dear mother."

"You will not go away," she replied.  
"Philippe appeared to me last night and  
commanded me to love you. We are  
but one being," he said; "if you love me,  
you also love him."

"No, I swear I am not," she replied,  
blushing.

Then raising her beautiful eyes filled  
with tears, she continued:

"In loving you I am still loving my  
Philippe."

I remained. There is now another  
Philippe, my son, and he is the living  
image of my brother and me.—Translated  
from the French of Edouard Sibecker  
for The Home Journal by J. Henry  
Hager.

Poison in the Respired Air.  
Professor Brown-Séquard is reported  
to have lately informed the French Acad-  
emy of Sciences that, by condensing the  
exhaust vapor coming from the human  
lungs he obtained a poisonous liquid  
capable of producing almost immediate  
death. The poison is an alkaloid (organic),  
and not a microbe or series of microbes.  
He injected this liquid under the skin of  
a rabbit and the effect was speedily mor-  
tal without convulsions. Dr. Séquard  
said it was fully proved that respiration  
contains a volatile element far more dan-  
gerous than the carbonic acid which is  
one of its constituents, and that the  
human breath contains a highly poison-  
ous agent. This startling fact should be  
borne in mind by the occupants of crowd-  
ed horse cars and ill ventilated apart-  
ments.—Boston Journal.

Filling a Long Felt Want.  
The genus crank seems determined to  
put the new department of agriculture  
to some use, or perish in the attempt. An  
application for a yoke of oxen, a horse,  
a cow and agricultural tools was received  
at the department not long ago, and on  
another occasion a man who had heard  
Uncle Sam was "rich enough to give us  
each a farm" asked the secretary for an  
order for 100 acres of land. Some people  
had an idea that the creation of the agri-  
cultural department was unnecessary,  
but others, it appears, regard it as "fill-  
ing a long felt want."—Pittsburgh Chroni-  
cle-Telegraph.

A nasal injector for each  
bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.  
Price 50 cents. Sold by Hough  
& McManus.

### INTERESTING THE SOUTH.

#### REVOLUTIONARY CHANGES TO BE MADE IN GREAT INDUSTRIES.

The Drift of Iron and Cotton Industries to the South—High Taxes Will Not Protect Against National Laws.

In the Philadelphia Times of a recent date appeared an article from the pen of Charles B. Forney, one of the leading economists and writers of Pennsylvania, in which he sounded the alarm to Pennsylvania of the growing importance of the South. Below will be found the closing paragraphs of the able article, which has created somewhat of a stir in the North and East. The extract is interesting as illustrating the impression the development of this section is making upon the leading minds of the older and wealthier States of the Union:

#### PENNSYLVANIA AND THE SOUTH.

"The shifting of trade centers in this country relate more especially to two of its leading products, iron and cotton. The Southern States already possess some of the best equipped cotton mills in the world, and though as yet employed in the main in the production of the coarser grades of goods, but little time will be required at the rate at which development advances in this country to enable the Southern mills with their cheap raw material, increasing skill and decreasing margins of profit on fabrics of all kinds, to produce cotton goods of every grade at figures that will be unapproachable by factories in New England. The keynote in iron competition sounded by an extensive Pennsylvania iron manufacturer, in the words that he 'regards the South as Pennsylvania's most formidable industrial enemy in the future,' may be a revelation to many of our people, but to those who have carefully studied this subject, the complete triumph of our Southern States in the production of the cheapest iron and of superior brands made in this country is clearly established. Pig metal produced at a cost of but nine and ten dollars per ton are figures beyond the reach of the iron makers of our State.

#### THE COAL PROBLEM.

"While I have no desire to play the part of an alarmist, I think it is not amiss to point out some facts which have an important bearing on the iron business located in the eastern and central portions of it. Fuel is an all important factor in the production and manipulation of iron, and to make the business remunerative and permanent the price of it should be steady, or at least without the constant upward tendency which characterizes the price of anthracite coal. Considering the very limited area of the deposits of anthracite and the increasing demand for it, outside of smelting and iron making purposes, the prospect of a future supply of it at a price that will enable the plants of the eastern and central sections of our State to compete with those located in the bituminous and natural gas fields of Western Pennsylvania and the South is anything but encouraging. Soft coal or coke is the fuel best suited for the manufacture of iron in all its stages—a fact that Eastern manufacturers are well aware of and have acted upon during several prosperous years by the extensive use of coke, especially by the admixture of it with anthracite in the blast furnaces, which accounts to some extent for the increased product of late years of Eastern furnaces. The signs of the movement of the base of the great iron industries of Eastern Pennsylvania to fields more thoroughly adapted to the cheap and abundant supply of the most useful of all metals are already apparent in the hard struggle to make ends meet, especially in the finished product, and the failure to do this on the part of certain well equipped plants, as well as the actual removal of certain iron and steel plants to the South. The days of the original management of the iron business, with high-salaried, figure-headed officials in the lead of it, are passing away, to be superseded by the technically-educated specialist, metallurgist and chemist, to whose research and knowledge the success of most modern industries is due, instead of to the high-titled empires, whose presidential and managerial pretensions absorb entirely too much of their profits or margins.

#### THE NEGRO PREACHERS

Take the Field Against the New White Movement.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., April 18.—The negro preachers of this city have taken up the fight against the white republican protective tariff league, which proposes to put the negro out of the councils of the party, and to keep him from sharing its reward. The ministers are denouncing the new movement from the pulpit and the lecture platform, and Rev. W. R. Pettiford, pastor of the colored, Baptist church, has gone to Washington to talk the matter over with the President. The ministers are stirring up a strong and bitter feeling among the negroes against a movement, which they believe is intended to drive them out of the Republican party, and ultimately disfranchise them. Many negroes have already announced that they will go over to the Democratic party. The new movement is certain to divide the negro vote, if it does not break the solid south.

#### Not All at Once.

A dragon, slightly drunk, was vainly trying to mount his horse, calling loudly on the saluts: "Saint John, help me! Saint Peter, assist me! Saint Paul, come to my aid! By a mighty effort he jumps clear over his horse, then turning around, 'Gently, gently, my friends,' says he, 'not all at once.'"

and a breadth-varying from thirty to 180 miles, extending from Western Pennsylvania through Ohio, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Northern Alabama, contain bituminous coal fields of an estimated measurement of 53,000 square miles. The coal embraced within the limits specified is superior to the other soft coals of this country, for the reason that it contains a larger percentage of fixed carbons, and is, therefore, of higher calorific value. The careful study of the region under review discloses an amount of mineral wealth that is astounding. Kentucky has long been noted for large crops of grain, hemp, tobacco and rich pastures, but it is only the thorough geological surveys which have been made of late years that have fully disclosed her vast deposits of coal and iron ores. Cannel coal is found in sixteen counties, and the estimated area of the coal fields of the state is 9,000 square miles. Iron ores yielding from 45 to 54 per cent of metallic iron are found in abundance in various localities within short distances of coke and coal.

"The coal fields of the Appalachian range, excepting the part of it extending into Pennsylvania, possess the rare advantage of being contiguous to or within easy reach of ores and limestone. Iron and steel plants located in Eastern Pennsylvania and further eastward have a long haul of hundreds of miles between them and soft coal and coke, while anthracite is appreciating through increased demands for it in the most distant parts of the country for domestic purposes, as well as a growing export trade, that reached 650,135 tons in 1887. The disproportion in which anthracite and bituminous coals are consumed is shown by the relative yields of the two fields. The bituminous fields, embracing the partial area thus far obtained of 192,255 square miles, produced 90,469,302 tons in 1887, while the anthracite region of Pennsylvania, with an accurately measured content of but 470 square miles, produced 39,596,255 tons, or nearly one-half of the total product



# The Republican.

L. W. GRANT, Publisher.

APRIL 27, 1889.

The *Trois* Blast, of Thursday, states that Sheriff Carpenter has appointed Mr. B. G. Caldwell his deputy in Anniston and the southern end of the county.

The State Teachers' Institute will meet in Jacksonville this summer and remain in session here three weeks. Preparations are being made for the entertainment of at least one hundred teachers during that time.

Mr. Shellnut, of Anniston, who was here Tuesday, advertising the sale of Corning lots in Anniston, complimented the *REPUBLICAN* office with a free railroad ticket to the sale. If possible, we shall have a reporter there.

Responsible parties have opened negotiations with a view to the purchase of the property of the Jacksonville Mining and Manufacturing Company, embracing twelve or thirteen thousand acres of fine mineral land and town property.

The Directors of the Land Company meet Monday to consider the proposition to place the Orphans' Home here by the North Alabama Conference of the M. E. Church South. If the Land Company donate suitable grounds it is said Jacksonville will at once be determined upon as the place for the Home, and building material for a fine house will be at once placed on the ground.

The Hot Blast is mistaken in supposing the editor of the *REPUBLICAN* is sensitive on the subject of the City Court bill. There is no reason why he should be. He supported the bill as amended and it was upon his motion that it was set as the special order for a day certain, called up and passed.

The Hot Blast shows proper courtesy in paying compliment to a distinguished stranger, but in order to be thus courteous it is never necessary to depart from the record.

Patrons of the *REPUBLICAN* are respectfully requested to settle up. The summer season is always a dull one with newspapers and we will have to depend on those who owe us to tide the paper over the dull season. We need the money and are in earnest about wanting a prompt settlement. Don't put it off because your account is small. All newspaper accounts are generally for small amounts, but in the aggregate they make a large amount. Call and settle without delay.

Last Friday the people of Jacksonville gathered at the cemetery and, with all the hands who could be hired in the town by those whose business kept them away, cleared off the grounds neatly, restored the mounds over graves which had sunk and decorated them with flowers. Not a grave in the cemetery was neglected, and those abroad who have friends or relatives buried there will have the gratification of knowing that some tender hand carefully cared for the last resting place of their loved ones on that day. This is done every Spring by the good people of Jacksonville.

Among the many other valuable deposits near and almost within the corporate limits of Jacksonville, such as fine iron ore in immeasurable quantities, baryta, manganese, limestone, marble, ochre and self-cementing paving gravel, is a quarry of easily worked sandstone of all degrees of hardness, from the very softest stone which hardens with exposure up to stone hard enough for grindstones. This sandstone is now used for curbing for pavements and could be well employed, at little cost, in forming the base of an iron railing to be put around the little park in the corner of the public square, which Rev. Mr. Lane proposes to secure the making of this fall.

Piedmont is naturally elated at the prospect of the broadening of the gauge of the East & West R. R., and well she may be. This together with the extension of the road to Birmingham, which is a certainty in the near future, will make Piedmont an important railroad point and build up the town rapidly. Already extensive development of iron ore beds is going on near that place, and we think it will not be long before capitalists will see the benefit to be derived by placing a furnace there. If, in addition to these advantages, Piedmont should get the Chattanooga Southern, as her people expect, a good big boom would be sure to follow. We hope the town may realize all these benefits and more.

Mrs. D. T. Parker, of Anniston, died Sunday morning, the 21st inst. of pneumonia, the same disease which had, but a short while before, carried off an idolized son. Following the death of her son came the critical illness of one of her daughters over whom she watched until she was out of danger. These constant and anxious vigils weakened her powers of resistance and when the fell disease struck her, she became an easy prey. She was a most estimable, Christian lady and was greatly beloved in Anniston, where she was known for her unobtrusive charities and kindness of heart. The husband and father has the heartfelt sympathy of friends throughout the State in his deep affliction.

## CORNING!

GREAT SALE OF LOTS IN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL

Location About Anniston—Rare Chance for Speculation.

Situated two miles West of Anniston and immediately on the lines of the Georgia Pacific and Anniston & Atlantic Railroads, on a beautiful and elevated strip of land having fine natural drainage and consequently well located for the health of settlers upon it, is Corning, the new town which has been recently laid out by a party of capitalists. No more desirable site about the beautiful city of Anniston could have been selected for this magnificent venture. It is within a short distance of the two new furnaces and the immense pipe works which are now about complete in West Anniston and within easy reach of what is destined to be the very heart of the city, for as industries are planted west of the city the growth will be that way and the centre of trade will shift that way.

The tract comprises several hundred acres and is being already rapidly populated and several handsome residences already crown some of its beautiful elevations. It will have all the conveniences of the city without the taxation which attaches to city property, for it is outside the city limits. The company are already building a handsome structure for church purposes and another for a free school of which it is proposed to give the inhabitants of Corning the benefit. Street car lines from Noble street in Anniston will put the people of Corning practically in the very heart of the business part of town and within easy reach of every industry in the town. With these advantages it goes without saying that there will be a rush of bidders for lots at the great sale which has been extensively advertised for the 30th of this month, when a free lunch will be served and bands will accompany the music all the day long. To accommodate those who will attend half rates of fare have been procured of all the roads leading into Anniston on that day. The lots will be sold on easy terms and for just what they will bring, and some rare bargains will be had and some people will make big money as buyers. The new furnaces and pipe works spoken of have not begun operations. When they do, (which will be in a short time) several thousand population will be added to the city, and what is more reasonable than to suppose that many of these will select homes in Corning?

Anniston has got to that point where doubt as to whether it will become a big city has ceased. It is now large enough to begin to draw enterprises and railroads to it like Birmingham, without the seeking of the city, and the growth of the town is constant and rapid. Outside of this fact there is too much money invested in Anniston and too much outside capital interested in it to ever permit the town to stop in its growth. If enterprises don't come, the men whose fortunes are locked up in Anniston dirt have the money and will build them themselves. One of the wealthiest and most prominent men of Anniston recently said to the editor of the *REPUBLICAN*: "We cannot afford and do not intend to let Anniston stop growing. Our interest lies in making it an important city and we intend to do so."

With these facts in view the Corning property is bound to greatly enhance in value within a very short time and men who put their money there will make no mistake, in our opinion.

Death of Mr. Ed. Vernon.

Deputy Sheriff Ed. Vernon died at the home of his father in this place Saturday morning last at 9 o'clock, after an illness of a few days. He died of brain fever, superinduced by a chronic malady of long standing. He was a man of promise of great future usefulness and his death is much regretted in this community. As a public officer he was faithful to his trust; as a Christian man he was true to the vows he had taken on himself a few years ago; as a son he was a model. His devotion to an afflicted mother was admirable and worthy of all imitation.

Dr. Lane, of the Baptist church, officiated at the burial ceremony at the residence and the Knights of Honor of which order he was a member, officiated at the grave. A very large concourse of people attended the funeral both from town and country.

We tender heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved relatives.

Attention Tenth Alabama Regiment.

At a meeting held at Oxford April 20th, 1889, of survivors of the Tenth Alabama Confederate volunteers J. Draper was appointed temporary chairman, Joe D. Smith secretary.

It being for the purpose of perpetuating a social feeling between all who at one time belonged to said Regiment.

Therefore Resolved, That we call a meeting of all the members of said Regiment to meet at Oxford Saturday May 4th, at 10 a. m., for the purpose of further organizing and locating a time and place of meeting in an encampment sometime in July next.

M. T. W. Christian, Company E  
John D. Staples " " H  
John F. Smith " " H  
J. C. McDiarmid " " H  
D. F. Shuford " " H  
Simon R. Morris " " E  
L. B. Miller " " E  
H. W. Luttrell " " G  
John A. Christian " " F  
J. Draper " " E  
Joe D. Smith " " E

## THE WONDERFUL WEST.

THE BARREN WASTE OF YESTERDAY—A BLOOMING CITY TO-DAY.

Exciting Scenes in Oklahoma—Fifteen Thousand Population in a Day—The Laying Out of Guthrie, and Some of Its Earliest Settlers—Bloodshed in the Beginning.

ARKANSAS CITY, Kan., April 23.—A special from Guthrie at an early hour this morning says that three men who took claims there yesterday were murdered about 5 o'clock by claim jumpers. The names of the assailants and their victims could not be learned. A vigilance committee is now scouring the country in search of the miscreants.

ON THE OKLAHOMA BOUNDARY.

Lieut. Foster, who started the pilgrims Saturday, coming via the Arkansas City trail, estimates that at least 4,000 outfits and 10,000 people ranged along the border of his trail and started at the sound of the bugle. Lieut. Waite, nephew of the late Chief Justice Waite, started those entering the Caldwell trail, and Col. Ware started those on the Hummel trail, he being in charge of this territory. Capt. Hayes started those entering by the Black Bear trail. It seems like a fairy story, but there is scarcely a doubt that from 20,000 to 30,000 entered by these trails, while six trains that came in from Arkansas City to Guthrie, brought at least 6,000 more.

ALL ALONG THE ROUTE.

The wagon road runs within one hundred yards of the railroad all the way. The Cimarron ford on the Cimarron or Little Arkansas river, is just three-fourths of a mile from where the railroad crosses the stream near the old site of Camp Russell. All along the route were to be seen deer, antelope, prairie chickens and quail. Two deer were within ten rods of the train, and at least fifty shots were fired at them from the windows and by those on the roof without effect. The prairie chickens and quail that were near enough to the trail to sight, were also treated to a similar salute. When the train crossed the last wood at Cotton Creek, just before entering Guthrie, the passengers began jumping off and rushing up the hill on the east side of the track toward the land office, where the town site is to be laid out.

WANTED TO GET THERE.

One fellow became so anxious that he jumped through the car window. When the train stopped at Guthrie Station there was an indescribable scene and a mad rush of men and boys running over each other to get to the land office first, or squat on a claim. A scarcity of water will cause suffering until wells are dug, unless the water in Cottonwood Creek can be filtered.

An enterprising real estate man had a carryall at the depot when the train arrived and offered to carry people to his lots over on the east side and sell lots at a dollar a piece.

THEY SLEPT IN LINE.

The crowd around the land office is too great to be numbered, and those who did not get in to file their claims last night, slept where they were in line, to be on hand this morning. Two miles each way from Guthrie station town sites are staked off, and there was not a section between them and Alfred that did not have one or more quarter sections staked off. People here are dumbfounded and look at the vast multitude crowding in the courts in silent wonder. Returning of the train hundreds of "Prairie schooners" were passed still winding their way to the promise land.

OFFICIAL TREACHERY CHARGED.

As Guthrie was found already staked off when the first train got there, some ugly rumors were at once started reflecting on the United States officers and officials of the Santa Fe road. It is claimed that the directors' car of that road has been at Guthrie for several days and they, as well as the government officials, connived with men hiding in the brush in the west bottom, shielding them from the scrutiny of the soldiers, that these officials on both sides had the town all laid out quietly and had an understanding with these brazen hideouts, so that they all rushed in and staked off lots before any train arrived, although the regular train from the South, which arrived about 12:45, was not allowed to carry any bonanzas.

THE BOOMERS SCOOPED.

When it reached Edmunds at 11:30 it lay there until 12:05, when a party of surveyors, said to be railroad men, got off and when the people at Edmunds saw this they rushed out and began staking off claims; and also persons who arrived on the regular train from the South said that hundreds of claims were staked off at Guthrie when they got there. A sixty room hotel will be shipped from Kansas City and be ready for business at Guthrie by Saturday.

Another Account.

ARKANSAS CITY, Kan., April 23.—Fifteen thousand home seekers are camped on the grassy upland of Guthrie, the pioneer City of Oklahoma. Camp fires gleam in the darkness and their tents lamp alight the sky like an army in bivouac. Guthrie, hitherto an insignificant station in this wild and uninhabited country remote from civilization, has now a population of more than 15,000. All this was gained in one afternoon. When the first train arrived at Guthrie from Arkansas City came

streets and lots of a new city had already been laid out by the enterprising citizens who had been early on the scene. Hardly had the cars slowed down at the station when eager men leaped from the car windows, slipped from the roof of the coaches and poured out of the doors in streams.

BURNING FELL MELL.

In a minute the slope leading up from the station was black with men rushing headlong, eager for coveted town lots. In two minutes not one of the men who had filled the train was left within speaking distance of the railway. By the time this crowd had reached the top of the slope near the land office the men who had been running parallel lines for streets and driven in stakes for town lots were well on their way along the level strips of land east of the land office. The crowd then rushed forward at a tremendous rate. Men who brought along muslin signs bearing the words "Bank of Guthrie," were compelled to take a lot one mile back of the station. The next train from Arkansas City brought a thousand home seekers, and about five minutes later the men in this train hurried across the prairie like an army charging a wing of the enemy.

ALL POINTS OF THE COMPASS.

They spread out north and south with axes and spades and stakes and seeking with wonderful energy a location, lots and streets.

A third, fourth, fifth and sixth bound train from Arkansas City swelled the number to as many thousands, and when the seventh and eighth trains came in later in the afternoon, the crowd had overflowed all bounds. On the east streets and town lots had been extended two miles; on the north a mile and a half, and south nearly a mile. No attempt had been made to lay out a town on the west side of the track. This west land had been all filed on for homesteads. Almost with the first rush of home seekers from the cars, the home seekers, who had started across the Oklahoma City line at noon in wagons and on horses, began to pour into the new city, their horses soaking wet from the hot and furious drives.

BESEGING THE LAND OFFICE.

They took possession of such town lots in the future Oklahoma metropolis as they could lay claim to. Mean while the land office was besieged by eager and determined crowds of men, waiting to file claims upon homesteads. As the afternoon wore on the crowd grew larger, and at closing time it reached in regular line far down the street toward the railroad station. Business in the land office went rather slowly. The Register and Receiver did the best they could but the pressure upon them was tremendous. The men who were willing to file claims were forced into line two abreast. The dealers in real estate began business before 2 o'clock in the afternoon, one enterprising dealer having as a background for the safe transaction of business a stock of rifles, which had been placed there by the government troops on duty at the land office. Near by was the tent of the United States Marshal Needles, being surrounded by a large American flag.

YELLOW JACK IN FLORIDA.

The First Case Reported From Sanford. No Danger Apprehended. WASHINGTON, April 23.—Surgeon General Hamilton of the Marine Hospital service was informed to-day by the President of the Board of health of Sanford, Florida, that a case of yellow fever existed in that city. Dr. Hamilton says that every precaution has been taken to prevent spread of disease, and no danger is apprehended.

OXFORD, April 22.—The Choctaw Valley dummy may be a failure but the Oxford street car line will be extended to Oxford Lake, and the driving park will be located at the lake also, the Hot Blast to the contrary notwithstanding Oxford Lake Company and Street Car Company have consolidated and now form a strong company backed by plenty of money. The street car line will be extended into Anniston over Wilmer street to Tenth street.

The Gadsden Land, and Improvement Company are making arrangements to extend the dummy line to the falls and highlands, and it is hoped to begin work on it in a very short while. When the dummy line is completed to the falls, the Land Company will build refreshment stands and ornament halls there.

Pike County Alliance, at its session last Saturday, appointed a committee of five to ascertain the cost of machinery and other facts necessary to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to the profits to be realized from a pine straw bugging factory to cost from \$15,000 to \$25,000. From information disclosed and pledges made the necessary amount of stock is assured. The factory will be located in Troy.—Enquirer.

Maj. R. A. Bacon, superintendent of the Home and Deatur, says that his road will be placed on sale in August. The Louisville and Nashville and East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia roads and New York capitalists will bid for the road.

In St. Clair county the location of the permanent county site is the all absorbing topic. The election comes off about the middle of May. Asheville and Pell City are to be voted for.

## IN THE GOLD COUNTRY.

AN OLD MINER TALKS OF THE EARLY DAYS IN THE BLACK HILLS.

An Interesting Talk Over a Camp Fire—Buckskin Jack's Hunt for the Indian—How Wild Dan Brought in a Coach Load of Dead Passengers.

As I was traveling through Colorado and Montana on a trip for my health I struck the town of Big Sandy, M. T. The little city was all excitement over the reported discovery of gold and silver in the Sweet Grass hills, a distance of sixty miles northwest of Big Sandy. The town was filled with prospectors of all descriptions, from the old timer of 49 to the youth fresh from the east in search of his fortune, all bound for the new gold and silver fields.

As I had plenty of time on my hands and wanted a little excitement, I joined a prospecting party. We started for the promised land the next day, and on the second day out we were in sight of the East Buttes. I rode on in advance of the party, and as it was getting dark I was looking for some shelter in which to pass the night. After riding haphazard for some time I found the welcome light of a prospectors' camp fire and rode toward it.

TRAILING A PESKY INDIAN.

The camp proved to be a party of bluff, good natured miners, who had been in this section and the Black Hills for some years. In answer to my inquiries as to securing a place to put up with them, one of them said: "Wal, stranger, our accommodations are pretty poor, but I reckon if you kin stan' it we kin."

After eating a supper of jerked beef, hard tack and coffee the boys began to tell stories of their experiences in the days of the frontier. One of them, who went by the name of Buckskin Jack, said:

"Wal, boys, this ore rush makes a fellow think of the early days of the Black Hills. The Indians war party got around me and was makin' it middlin' lively for the boys. Ther wuz eight in our party when we struck camp in a gulch in the west part of the hills. The first night we got it would be a pretty good plan to set a guard. We drew cuts for see who would be 'lected, an' of course I wuz lucky man."

"We wuz not bothered that night an' had no signs of any of the pesky Indians we did not set any guard the next night. We all turned in pretty early an' as we wuz a pretty tired wuz soon asleep. 'Bout 12 o'clock, as near as I could reckon, I wuz waked by a noise as if some one wuz movin' 'bout then I camp. I got up pretty early an' took a look 'round. At last I told I seed some 'thin' movin'. I thot I wouldn't 'sturb the boys until I foun' out what the racket wuz. An' takin' my rifle, I walked towards the place wher I seed the thing movin', an' as ther wuz only one, I thot I would foller him an' find out wher ther camp wuz, so that we could come down on them an' stermenate ther whole outfit."

"Wal, ter make a long story short, I follered ther pesky Indian, as I thot, for 'bout an hour, an' I found my self in the camp of our old enemy. I'll be gold durned if I woudn't be kicked into the middle of next summer if my Indian didn't turn out to be one of our boys who wuz a walkin' in his sleep. I wuz pretty mad, but I sneaked into my blanket, an' hev never seed a word 'bout it until this day."

DAY DREWS THE OLD SHEEP.

"Wal, I gass it wuz a pretty good thing that you didn't say anything 'bout it or else you'd never heard the last of it. I seed Wild Dan, 'but I gess I'll tell you a little 'perience I had in Chelly in '08. 'A lot of us boys came in from the range ter file our claims an' paint the town red, an' I gass we did it in fine style. I was paralyzed for 'bout two days, an' when I finly tumbled ter myself I found I wuz busted an' didn't hev a penny an' that I would hev ter go back on the range for six months, an' wuz kickin' myself for bein' such a chump. Just then I saw a crowd of fellows goin' towards ther Cheyenne and Deadwood stage office an' I joined ther crowd. The stage wuz drawn up before the office an' the six broncos were a chawing ther bit an' a wantin' ter be off. The driver of the stage hed refused ter go, as ther road agents an' Indians hed stopped an' robbed every stage for a week, an' not a driver ever turned up ter tell how it wuz done. Ther stage agent wuz wild. As ther wuz the Wells-Fargo treasure box an' six passengers ther wanted ter go thro' to Deadwood, they offered \$300 ter the man that would drive the stage thro' to Deadwood."

"I tho't ter myself, 'Dan, old boy, hev your chance, an' I stepped out from ther crowd and sez, 'Say, mister, Wild Dan's the man thot kin take yer old shebang thro' ter Deadwood.' With that I jumped into the seat an' sez, 'Get in here, you fellows ther's goin' with me, an' the agent an' six fellows jumped into the coach. I picked up ther lines, cracked the whip an' we wuz off on our journey. Just as we started some one hollered, 'Three cheers for brave Dan,' an' they wuz given with a will."

"Things went all right until we struck Deadman's Gulch, when out from behind some trees twelve men jumped, with rifles pointed at us, an' ordered me ter halt."

"Not by a darned site, sez I. 'An' I gave ther horses a cut with ther whip, an' pickin' up my repeatin' rifle I opened up on them, an' in five minutes had ter tell 'em six road agents hed bit the dust. I hedn't been hurt, but my hat hed been shot off'n my head."

"I picked up my lines, an' tried ter stop ther horses, but ther wuz no stop ter them, an' they run until they pulled up in front of ther office in Deadwood. They opened ther stage door, an' ther stage agent stepped out, an' I looked in ter see if ther passengers wer safe, an' ther they wuz, every one of 'em dead, killed by the road agents' bullets."

"The stage agent sez: 'Three cheers for Dan, ther only man thot's brist' a stage thro' fur a week. 'Ther's no idee,' sez I, 'if I can't bring 'em alive I'll bring 'em in dead.'—New York Herald.

## The Women Praise B. B. B.

The suffering of women certainly awakens the sympathy of every true philanthropist. Is B. B. B. (Bottanic Balm) Send to Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., for proofs.

H. L. Cassidy, Kennesaw, Ga., writes: "Three bottles of B. B. B. cured my wife of scrofula."

Mrs. R. M. Laws, Zolaba, Fla., writes: "I have never used anything to equal B. B. B."

Mrs. C. H. Gay, Rocky Mount, N. C., writes: "Not a day for 15 years was I free from headache. B. B. B. entirely relieved me. I feel like another person."

James W. Lancaster, Hawkinsville, Ga., writes: "My wife was in bad health for eight years. Five doctors and many patent medicines had done her no good. Six bottles of B. B. B. cured her."

Miss S. Tomlinson, Athens, Ga., says: "For years I suffered with rheumatism, caused by kidney trouble and indigestion. I also was feeble and nervous. B. B. B. relieved me at once, although several other medicines had failed."

Rev. J. M. Richardson, Clarkston, Ark., writes: "My wife suffered twelve years with rheumatism and female complaint. A lady member of my church had been cured by B. B. B. She persuaded my wife to try it, who now says there is nothing like B. B. B. as it quickly gave her relief."

Why pay 10 cents for a cigar when you can purchase the "Nickel Ant" cigar for 5 cents at

ROWAN, DEAN & CO.

Special Mail Order Department.

We beg to inform our friends and patrons that we have opened a "Special mail order department," under the personal supervision of our Mr. Alec. Ullman. Orders sent to us by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. Resp'y,

ULLMAN BROS.,

Anniston, Ala.

Judges, Lawyers and Physicians highly recommend the "Nickel Ant" cigar as the only promoter to happiness. For sale for 5c. at

ROWAN, DEAN & CO.

Hose from 5c up at Mrs. Kate Jelks.

Cow Lost.—\$5 Reward.

Strayed off about the 1st of Nov. one black cow with both horns saved off. Any information as to her whereabouts will be thankfully received.

JACKSONVILLE, Ala., April 19.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough, Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold by Hough & McManus.

Attachment Notice

W. J. Brattle, } Attachment.

Eastman & Schuman, }

Before me, J. B. Arnold, Justice of the Peace, Beat 1, Calhoun County, Alabama, came the plaintiff in the above entitled case, the 14th day of April, 1889, and it appears from the facts stated, that defendant has been levied upon by virtue of an attachment issued from my office returnable on the 20th day of May, 1889, and that said defendant is non-resident of this State, it is therefore ordered that said attachment, and the return thereon be given to said Eastman & Schuman by publication once a week for three successive weeks, beginning on the 20th day of April, 1889, in the Jacksonville, Ala., Standard, a newspaper published in said county, and a copy thereof be delivered to said defendant at his place of residence, when known, now supposed to be Chattanooga, Tenn.

Given under my hand this 14th day of April, 1889.

J. B. ARNOLD, J. P.

Advice to Everybody

Who has a diseased Liver is to be once taken proper means to cure it. The function of the liver is to design to perform; and on the regular execution of which depends the health of the whole body, and the powers of the stomach, bowels, and the whole nervous system, shows its importance to human health.

NO HUMAN BEING should run the risk for a single day of neglecting this important organ, and getting a bottle of Dr. G. McLean's Celebrated Liver Pills, made by FLEMING BROS., of Pittsburgh, Pa., and use according to directions they will find a prompt and permanent cure. A small box is a cheap and safe remedy for a diseased liver. They can be had of druggists.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS made in St. Louis, Mo.

FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa.

IVORY POLISH FOR THE TEETH.

PURVES THE BREATH. ASK FOR IT.

NOTICE NO. 8696

Land Office at Montgomery, Ala.

March 28th, 1889.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge of the Probate Court at Jacksonville, Ala., on April 27, 1889, viz: James A. Jackson, Homestead entry No. 2587, for the 1/4 of Sec. 1, T. 19 N., R. 10 E., S. 1 E., of the 1st Range, 1st Meridian.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: James W. Arnold, Jacksonville, Ala.; Charles E. Burden, Martin S. White, John S. King, Piedmont, Ala.

J. G. RATHBUN, Register.

NOTICE.

Re-Registration of Fine and Particulate Claims, Under an Act of the Legislature Approved Feb. 27, 1888.

All persons holding claims against the fugued forfeited fund of Calhoun county, Alabama, which were registered previous to January 1st, 1884, are required by said act to present them to the county treasurer of said county, within twelve months from the passage of said act, viz: Feb. 27, 1888, for re-registration, or they will be barred. All parties who hold such claims are urgently requested to look them up and bring or send them to the undersigned for re-registration. It puts our fine and forfeited account in better shape, and costs you nothing only to hand them in.

J. J. RYAN, County Treasurer, Calhoun County, Ala.

## Lower Prices

AND Increased Attractions

FOR CLOSE BUYERS

AT RANDALL'S.

Look at these Samples. Rose jars, 75 cents to \$2. Pot Pourri, or Japan rose leaves, to fill rose jars, only 65cts per box.

Brass cruet trays and scrapers only \$1. Mauney Lemon squeezers, best in the world, reduced to \$1.50 per doz.

The best spectacles in town for \$1. Good steel nose glasses for 50cts. Solid gold spectacles and nose glasses for \$5.

Big stock of jewelry at all prices, cheapest to best.

A fine stock of table and pocket cutlery at lowest prices. Waterbury Watches \$2.50. Swiss Watches \$10.

American Watches \$10. Gold filled Watches, ladies' and gents', \$15.

Nickel Clocks \$1.25. Nickel alarm Clock \$1.50. One Day Walnut Strike Clocks \$3.00.

Eight Day Walnut Strike Clocks \$4.00. Silver Plated Teaspoons per set 60 cents.

Silver Plated Tablespoons per set \$1.25. Silver Plated Knives per set \$1.25.

Silver Plated Forks per set \$1.25. Tea Cups and Saucers per set 80 cents.

Tumblers per set 20 cents. Goblets per set 25 cents. Bowls and Pitchers 75 cents.

Handsomely decorated China cups and saucers \$1.00 per set. Fancy hand and colored tumblers very stylish, one dozen in a box, from \$1.00 to \$2.00.

Jelly glasses and Mason's fruit jars at bottom prices. Decorated dinner sets from \$15 to \$30.

Decorated tea sets from \$4 to \$8. Decorated chamber sets from \$4.50 to \$21.

For most light with least oil, use the Rochester Triple Burner. Old lamps fitted with these burners for 75 cents.



# The Republican.

Issued Weekly.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATE.

One year, \$1.00. Six months, \$0.60. Three months, \$0.30. Single copies, 10 cents. Subscriptions must be paid in advance. No name will be booked unless money accompanies the order.

## Rates of Advertising.

Transient advertisements, \$1 per square, and one inch makes a square. Local notices 10 cents per line. Advertisements must be handed in Thursday or before to insure insertion.

Settle your subscription accounts at once.

Ladies if you want the best Millinery go to Mrs. Kate Jelks.

St. Luke's Episcopal church is being repaired and beautified.

Nick, Nickel, Nickels.

Will you suffer with dyspepsia and liver complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. Sold by Hough & McManus.

The wife of Tom Harris, (colored) died Tuesday, and was buried here Wednesday.

White Embroidered Flannel very cheap at Mrs. Kate Jelks.

Gen. Wm. H. Forney and Maj. T. W. Francis went to Tate Springs Wednesday.

For Laces, Handkerchiefs, Novelty, Table Scarfs, &c., call on Miss Maggie Lester, Depot Street.

The East & West Railroad will be changed to a standard gauge this summer, it is said.

Baby Caps, Baby Caps, a nice line at Mrs. Kate Jelks.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give you immediate relief. Price 10c, 50c and \$1. Sold by Hough & McManus.

A nice line of Crepe Lisse Ruching at Mrs. Kate Jelks.

Dr. Jno. M. Crook received merited honors at the late State Medical Association.

The biggest line of Millinery ever in Jacksonville, at Mrs. Kate Jelks.

We learn that Mr. John Pruitt, of Peaks Hill, in this county, had his arm badly torn in a saw mill a few days ago.

War with Germany, it's all a mistake. But Rowan, Dean & Co. are still having an elegant trade on the "Nickel Ante" cigar, sold at 5c. Try a sample.

Dr. Montgomery, who recently returned from Arkansas to visit his mother here, will probably return through the country in a buggy. It will be a pleasant way of making the trip.

A nice line of Zephyr very cheap at Mrs. Kate Jelks.

Ah, there, my size? Boys, your sweet hearts will not love you if you do not smoke "Nickel Ante" cigars, for 5c, at Rowan, Dean & Co.

Sheriff Carpenter has appointed Mr. Jno. Rowland, of Germania, as his deputy to succeed Mr. Ed. Vernon, deceased. Mr. Rowland is competent and will make a good officer.

You will find the prettiest line of white Goods, Laces, Embroidery, Handkerchiefs, Collars and Cuffs at Mrs. Kate Jelks.

Among the lay delegates to the Presbytery here was Mr. John Leeper, of Columbia. He was a member of the Tenth Alabama Regiment and will be remembered by many old soldiers of that command in this county. He was a member of Capt. Cobb's company.

Boys Silk Windsor Ties at Mrs. Kate Jelks.

We are agents for the "Nickel Ante" cigars. Guaranteed to be clear Havana filled. Rowan, Dean & Co.

Rev. M. H. Lane is absent from town attending the Georgia Baptist Convention, as corresponding delegate from the Alabama Convention. He will return on Saturday and you may expect the following services at the Baptist church Sunday: Preaching as usual, morning and night. Business meeting of the church at 8 1/2 P. M.

To Gentlemen!

If you want to save money, when you want to buy your suit of clothing, boys suits, straw or fur hats, shirts, scarfs, collars, cuffs, fine shoes or trunks go to ULLMAN BROS.

Miss Corn Crutchfield, daughter of Hon. Wm. Crutchfield, of Chattanooga, has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. R. D. Williams, of this place. She returned to Chattanooga a few days ago preparatory to a trip to Europe. Hon. Wm. Crutchfield is largely identified with the building of the Chattanooga Southern Railroad, and is one of its directors. Miss Corn says the company are in dead earnest about building the road through at once.

Oh, yes, where did you find that pretty Hat? At Mrs. Kate Jelks of course.

Dresses cut and made in the latest style at Mrs. Kate Jelks.

We shall shortly overhaul the subscription book of the REPUBLICAN and drop from the list a number of slow-paying subscribers. There is no fun in working for people for nothing.

Town talk, Misses Corsets for 35c at Mrs. Kate Jelks. You can't beat it.

Gov. Seay has fixed by proclamation Tuesday, April 30th, a holiday in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of Washington's inauguration.

Try the Tiptop Bustle, the latest, at Mrs. Kate Jelks.

Rev. M. H. Lane will deliver the address to the graduating class of the State Normal School in Jacksonville at the commencement.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bouton, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's consumption cure."

Attention is directed to the advertisement of the Anniston Ice Manufacturing Co., Mr. P. B. Brown, manager. This is the same company which has heretofore furnished ice to this place, and which has given satisfaction. Their plant has been enlarged and they can fill orders promptly.

Messrs. E. D. Meharg and M. M. Hannah, of Grayton, were guests of the Iron Queen Tuesday. The latter came to join the Lodge of Knights of Honor here, and Mr. Meharg, who is already a member, came to see his friend initiated.

The following municipal ticket was elected in Jacksonville Thursday without opposition:

Mayor—H. L. Stevenson. Aldermen—Wm. H. Dean, Jno. D. Hammond, Chas. D. Martin, A. L. Stewart, Jno. M. Crook.

"Mite Meeting."

The next meeting will be a "Tacky Party" at Mrs. C. J. Porter's, May 6th, 1889. Everybody is cordially invited to attend.

To Merchants!

Ullman Bros., of Anniston, have added wholesale departments, they have a full line of Ready Made Suits, Jeans Pants, fine and coarse Shoes, fur and straw Hats, white and colored Shirts, woolen dress Gowns, Prisms, from 4c up, Stripes at 5c, Bedtickings, Domestic, Trunks, Parasols, Umbrellas, trimmed and untrimmed Ladies Hats, we bring from manufacturers direct for cash and will duplicate New York prices. We mean business and will sell goods cheap at ULLMAN BROS. Anniston, Ala.

The name indicates the price. So try a sample of the "Nickel Ante" cigar for 5c, at Rowan, Dean & Co.

Some weeks ago a gentleman, presumably well informed, told a reporter of the REPUBLICAN that Mr. Caleb Morgan, of Choccolocco valley, was dead and the supposed fact was published. It was true that he was then critically ill and his life was despaired of; but he did not die. On the contrary he rallied and now bright hopes are entertained of his recovery. We make the announcement with great pleasure. Calhoun has had no better or more useful citizen and he could not be spared. He is one of the pioneers of the county and has been always foremost in the work of its upbuilding.

Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's vitalizer is a positive cure.

"Nickel Ante" cigars at Rowan, Dean & Co.

Hark! Listen! 'Tis whispered on the street corners of Jacksonville, Ala., that Rowan, Dean & Co., are having immense sales on the "Nickel Ante" cigar. 'Tis guaranteed clear Havana filled. Sold strictly for 5c, each.

To the Ladies!

We have the largest stock and finest line of dress silks, silk warp Henriettes, silk embroidered dresses, newest shades in cashmeres, imported satens, fine lawns, checked muslins, laces, embroideries, Persian trimmings, silk or cotton hose, silk mitts or gloves, gold and oxidized bangle bracelets, trimmed ladies hats, fine shoes, and in fact a full assortment in every department, which we will and can afford to sell for less than other houses. Give us a call and see for yourself, at ULLMAN BROS.

Four hundred Hats to select from at Mrs. Kate Jelks.

Stockholders Meeting.

To the stockholders of the Jacksonville Mining & Manufacturing Company:

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the Jacksonville Mining & Manufacturing Company will be held at the company's office in the town of Jacksonville, Ala., on the 6th day of May, 1889, at three o'clock, p. m. By order of the board of directors, April 13, 1889.

P. D. Ross, Secy. J. W. Burke, Pres.

April 24

**Tax Notice.**

I will be in Jacksonville Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 24, 25 and 26, 1889, for the purpose of assessing State, County and Poll tax for 1889.

At Alexandria Tuesday, April 30. At Piedmont Monday, Friday, May 3rd.

## TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

BANNER LODGE, No. 2816. KNIGHTS OF HONOR. Jacksonville, Ala., April 23, 1889. REGULAR MEETING.

WHEREAS—It has pleased the Supreme Dictator of the Universe in His wisdom to take from our fraternal order our beloved brother, Edward L. Vernon, in the prime of young manhood, and within one month after he had become a Knight, cutting short our most sanguine hopes that we would have his association, aid and counsel in our lodge and order for many years to come.

Be it Resolved—That we submitively bow to the summons, feeling that while it is a great loss to us, it is to our brother HEAVENS, with all that heaven means; and this is to us a great consolation while passing through this sad hour of bereavement.

Resolved, 2nd—That in the death of our brother, Calhoun county has lost a faithful officer, this community a good citizen, his church a zealous member, his family a devoted son and brother, and our Order a worthy Knight.

Resolved, 3rd—That the Lodge tenders to the bereaved and weeping father, mother, sister and relatives of the deceased, its heartfelt condolence and sympathy.

Resolved, 4th—That a copy of these sentiments be tendered the family; that the REPUBLICAN be requested to publish them; that a blank page be set apart in our records, upon which our brother's name be inscribed; that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes, and that the usual badge of mourning be worn by the members of the Lodge for thirty days.

J. L. SWAN, J. D. HAMMOND, Committee. L. W. GRANT.

## IF You Want to Buy

GUANO, ACID PHOSPHATE, BRICK, LIME, SHINGLES, LATHES, WAGONS, BUGGIES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, STATIONERY, Call on Porter, Martin & Co.

## IN GROCERIES WE KEEP

GRANULATED SUGAR, Y. C. SUGAR, BROWN SUGAR, LOAF SUGAR, PULVERIZED SUGAR, RIO COFFEE, TIGER ROASTED COFFEE, ARBUCKLE'S, Evaporated Apples, Dried Apples, Prunes, Pickles, Oat Flakes, Canned Goods of every description, Ham, Sausage, Rice, Grits, Irish and Sweet Potatoes, Baking Powder, Pepper, Spice, and everything else usually kept in stock.

## HARDWARE.

Single Bit Axes, Double Bit Axes, Hand Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Chisels, Saws, Hand Saws, Cross-cut Saws, Key-hole Saws, Files, Mill-saw Files, Hay-saw Files, &c.

## Plows.

Old style and latest patent, Spirit Levels, Steel Squares, Trace Chains, Breast Chains, Single Trees, Plow Stocks, Pony Plows, all styles of Plow Hoes, Scovel Hoes, Goose-neck Hoes, Combination Hoes and Tools, for Handle; Harrow Trelis, Nails, (best steel), Pocket Knives, all kinds; Carving Knives and Forks, and a great many other things too numerous to mention.

Call on us when you want to buy anything in our line.

Respectfully, PORTER, MARTIN & CO.

## Jas. S. Kelly

Notary Public and Ex-Officio

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

At Oxford, Ala.

Courts 2nd Saturday in each month.

## NOTICE NO. 8671.

Land office at Montgomery Ala. March 19th, 1889.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge of the Probate Court at Jacksonville, Ala., on the 25th day of April, 1889, viz: Thomas H. Sparks, Homestead Entry No. 1554, for the SW 1/4 of SE 1/4, SE 1/4 of SW 1/4 Sec. 10, T. 16, S. 2, E. 1, R. 8.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Michael D. Forbes, Anniston, Alabama; John H. Garrett, Decaturville, Alabama; Frank Hanna, Oxford, Alabama; William M. Hanna, Jacksonville, Alabama.

mar23-6t J. G. HARRIS, Register.

## TO THE TRADE.

Manufacturers Agents.

Fine Cigars, New Orleans Goods.

Write for prices. Box 34.

HOKE & GRAHAM, Anniston, Ala.

## FIRE INSURANCE.

I. L. SWAN, AGT Jacksonville, Ala.

Two Good Home Companies to wit Georgia Home, Capital \$100,000.

Will practice in the counties of Talladega, Calhoun and all surrounding counties.

mar23-6t

**B. F. Wilson,** Attorney at Law

TALLADEGA, ALA.

## ICE NOTICE!

To the Citizens of Jacksonville Alabama. Send your orders for Ice, to the Anniston Ice Co. Good Ice, Prompt Attention and Prices Guaranteed.

P. B. BROWN, MANAGER.

## Tax Sale.

Notice is hereby given that the following lands and lots were decreed by the Probate Court of Calhoun county, Alabama, on the 8th day of April 1889 it being the 2nd Monday in said month and a regular term of said court, to be sold for the taxes and costs due thereon for the year 1888 and previous years, and notice is hereby further given that said lands will be sold by the undersigned, as Tax Collector, within the legal hours of sale on Monday the 13th day of May 1889 before the court house door in the town of Jacksonville, Ala., to satisfy said taxes and costs to-wit:

Owner Unknown, Pre. No. 6—V 1/2 of SE 1/4 Sec. 25, T. 14, R. 6—80 acres. Taxes for 5 years \$9.40 Costs 1.20 Advertising 3.25 Total \$13.85

L. B. Bunney Pre. No. 9—Lot in Piedmont one-eighth of an acre, bounded south by C. E. Sharp, north by Jackson road, west by J. A. Woolf and east by L. J. Sharp. Taxes for 5 years \$3.00 Costs 1.20 Advertising 4.40 Total \$8.60

Owner Unknown Pre. No. 15—Lot No. 10, Block 2, as shown in Walker's map of Anniston Ala., of 1888. Taxes for 1888 \$24.50 Costs 1.20 Advertising 3.20 Total \$28.90

Owner Unknown Pre. No. 15—Lot No. 13, Block 2, as shown in Walker's map of Anniston Ala., of 1888. Taxes for 1888 \$24.50 Costs 1.20 Advertising 3.20 Total \$28.90

Owner Unknown Pre. No. 15—Lot No. 16, Block 5, map of Anniston Ala. of 1888. Taxes for 1888 \$12.50 Costs 1.20 Advertising 3.10 Total \$16.80

Henry Wyatt, Pre. No. 15—Lot No. 16, Block 5, map of Anniston Ala. of 1888. Taxes for 1888 \$12.50 Costs 1.20 Advertising 3.10 Total \$16.80

H. Horne—S. B. Brewer, Agt, Pre. No. 15—Lots 22 and 23, Block 5, Anniston Ala. Taxes 19.20 Costs 1.42 Advertising 3.30 Total \$23.92

D. Z. GOODLETT, Tax Collector.

April 13-4t

## Tax Decrees.

The Tax Collector of Calhoun county, Ala., D. Z. Goodlett, filed in his office on March 21, 1889, a list of lands and lots upon which the taxes and costs were unpaid for the year 1888, and back years. Notice is hereby given, unless the owner or agent comes forward and pays off the taxes and costs accrued on said lands and lots, or show cause why the Decree should not be rendered against said lands and lots for the sale thereof, a decree will be rendered on the 13th day of May 1889, being the 2nd Monday in said month and a regular term of the Probate Court of said county, for the sale of said lands for the payment of the taxes assessed against them, and costs for the year 1888 and previous years for which they escaped taxation, as follows:

Owner Unknown, Pre. No. 2—Half mineral interest in the S 1/2 of SW 1/4 Sec. 7, T. 14, R. 8; E 1/2 of NW 1/4, and part of W 1/2 of NW 1/4 Sec. 18, T. 14, R. 8. Taxes for 1888, \$ 40 Costs 1.20 Advertising 3.00 Total \$44.20

F. H. Lacy, Pre. No. 15—17 1/2 acres on East side of SE 1/4 Sec. 10, T. 16, R. 7. Tax 1887-8 12.25 Costs 2.20 Advertising 2.00 Total \$16.45

EMMETT F. CROOK, Judge of Probate, Calhoun Co. Ala. April 13, 1889-3w

## STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

Established for the Training

OF Teachers of Both Sexes.

No further examination required of any teacher who holds a diploma from this school. A Training School is sustained in connection with the Normal School. Excellent advantages in Music and Art are offered. Tuition in Normal School, Free. Tuition in Training School from \$1.00 to \$4.00 per month.

For Catalogue apply to the President.

C. R. GIBSON.

## Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a Ven. Ex. issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun county, Alabama, on the 1st day of April 1889, against Mack Johnson and Mary Johnson and in favor of Ledbetter & Farmer, I will proceed to sell at public outcry to the highest bidder for cash, before the court house door in the town of Jacksonville, Ala., on Monday the 13th day of May 1889 within the legal hours of sale the following described real estate to-wit:

The V 1/2 of SW 1/4 and SW 1/4 of NW 1/4, Sec. 30, T. 13, R. 8, east all in Calhoun county, as the property of Mack and Mary Johnson to satisfy said execution.

L. P. CARPENTER, Sheriff.

april 13-4t

## GRAND SUCCESS.

Our Millinery Opening last week, of Ladies' Trimmed Hats, Ribbons and Flowers; also fine Dress Goods with Persian Trimmings, Parasoleries, ever seen in this part of the country. We are having now the finest line of Dress Goods, Dry Goods, House Furnishing Goods, Laces and Misses fine Shoes, Kid, Silk and Lisle Thread Gloves, Mitts, Hosiery and Handkerchiefs ever seen in this city.

## READY MADE CLOTHING.

We have now Twenty Thousand Dollars worth of Ready made suits for Men, Youths and Boys, also Fur and Straw Hats, fine Shoes, White and Colored Shirts, Hose, Collars and Cuffs, and a beautiful line of fine Scarfs all of which we can and will sell for less than any other.

## HOUSE IN TOWN.

We buy for four stores, Talladega, Anniston, Gadsden and Attalla for cash.

## MANUFACTURERS DIRECT,

Save from 20 to 25 per cent., which we will give our customers the benefit of.

Please Call and See For Yourself At

mar23-6t ULLMAN BROS. ANNISTON, ALABAMA.

## TO THE LADIES

OF Jacksonville and Vicinity.

My Spring Stock of Dry Goods is now

ready and invites your inspection. My

great success last season in selling

goods at New York prices and marking

everything in plain figures has encour-

aged me to bring from New York much

the largest and most complete Stock of

Dry Goods ever shown in this section.

The Spring Goods are very attractive and

prices this season very low.

To Customers from Jacksonville purchasing to the amount of Five Dollars, I will Deduct Railroad Fare one way For Ten Dollars, both ways. Samples sent on Application. Agent for Butterick's Patterns. Agent for Gold and Silver Shirts.

W. T. WILLSON,

West Side Noble St., Anniston, Ala.

## T. R. WARD,

DEALER IN

## DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS,

SHOES, NOTIONS & C.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

In addition to my stock kept at the old stand beyond the Depot, I have recently placed a nice and select stock of DRY GOODS and GROCERIES at the Woodward corner on the public square, where my customers can be well served.

## New Goods---Select Stock.

Call and examine my stock at either store before purchasing elsewhere.

may 2nd T. R. WARD.

## Anniston Arms Co.

No. 917 NOBLE STREET,

WILL sell as cheap as any house North, East, South or West.

Guns, Rifles, Pistols,

CARTRIDGES.

Orders Solicited.

## DOERING & ROBINSON,

LEADING JEWELERS.

Diamonds

WATCHES

SILVERWARE, SPECTACLES,

Reliable Goods,

Fair Dealings

AND

BOTTOM PRICES.

925 Noble Street,

Anniston, Alabama.

Sign Big Clock.

sep18-1t

E. M. REID, J. P.

MORRISVILLE, ALA.

Keeps Marriage Licenses for sale.

Courts the 1st and 3rd Saturdays in each month. 11.



Her Picture.  
Her eyes are bright as bright can be,  
Like sunbeams on a summer sea!  
Her hair is like a sunset crown  
O'er fields of grain just turning brown  
And in her lips the mantling blood  
Is like a ripe pomegranate bud.  
Her heart is true as true can be,  
Like some staunch oak beside the sea.  
Her small hands are pearl and pink,  
Like peach blossoms by the river brink!  
Her voice is like a gentle breeze  
Borne through languid laurel trees.  
But ah! her soul, that few may know,  
Is strong as fire and pure as snow!

## THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

NEW AND IMPROVED MACHINERY—  
THE FIRST STEP IN ITS  
SOLUTION.

Why Was Farming so Much More Pro-  
fitable in Slavery Times Than Now?  
The Answer Given—The Curry  
Cotton Cultivating Machine  
Being Made at Florence.

[Montgomery Advertiser.]  
A prominent capitalist of North  
Alabama, who has large farming in-  
terests, and who knows from his own  
experiences, of what he is talking  
about, was seen in the city yesterday  
and in conversation with an Adver-  
tiser reporter, said:

"A serious obstacle in the way of  
the southern planter has been the  
unreliability of the negro laborer, for  
which the apparent profit in making  
cotton is very great, the planter finds  
great difficulty, in many instances,  
to meet his necessary expenses. Why  
is it, that before the war the planter  
grew rich year by year, and now finds  
great difficulty in making buckle  
and tongue meet? The answer is  
apparent to the initiated—the unreli-  
able nature of the farming hands.

The Curry Manufacturing Compa-  
ny at Florence, Ala., are now manu-  
facturing a machine for cultivating  
cotton, corn or any other drilled crop  
which seems likely to go far toward  
the solution of this vexed question.

It would be difficult to estimate  
the widespread, far-reaching value of  
this machine when applied to the  
20,000,000 acres planted in cotton in  
the South, to the very large area in  
corn and sugarcane and to the im-  
mense areas in corn in the mighty  
West. Its value and success is at-  
tested by hundreds of practical plan-  
ters who have thoroughly tested and  
daily witnessed its work in each and  
all of its applications in the field.

The inventor, Capt. B. J. Curry,  
struggled for seven weary years be-  
fore he attained the desired result.  
In its mechanical structure this  
machine is strong, simple and effi-  
cient. Being a combined machine  
with its parts interchangeable, it can  
be used as a gang plow for following  
the soil for seeding in small grain  
and grasses, as a bedder and planter  
and for the entire cultivation of cot-  
ton and corn and many other drilled  
crops, and also to apply fertilizers.  
In the action of bedding and plant-  
ing, the bed is formed, the drill  
opened and the seed planted and  
covered, all in one single action.

The labor by this machine in the  
action alone of bedding, planting  
and fertilizing, is equal to that of ten  
men and ten mules by the old meth-  
od. The clapper machine is easily  
attached and the machine will chop  
out twelve acres of cotton a day.  
The work is performed with accu-  
racy and in chopping the entire surface  
is cultivated. The cultivators are  
not attached and applied from the  
entire cultivation of cotton, sugar-  
cane or any drilled crop, until laid  
by, and performs the work of six  
men and six mules by the old hand  
method, leaving no middles unculti-  
vated and destroying all grasses and  
weeds in its pathway, cultivating ten  
acres per day of rows four feet apart.  
Any farm laborer of ordinary intelli-  
gence can use it readily. The ma-  
chine has a carriage with two trac-  
tion wheels and is drawn by two  
mules, driver's seat being mounted  
above the centre and has suitable de-  
vices for elevating the attachment  
for travelling, turning at the end of  
rows or to pass over stumps. The  
following extract from a letter writ-  
ten by Mr. Walter C. Stephenson,  
the well known planter of the famous  
"Enslay plantation, nine miles below  
Memphis, will indicate the value of  
the machine:

"We used these machines in bed-  
ding and planting about four hun-  
dred acres of cotton, in its entire cul-  
tivation, and in cultivating about  
sixty acres of corn. The machine  
possesses wonderful value, will re-  
store prosperity to the agriculture of  
the South, meet the increasing  
scarcity, unreliability and expenses  
of our labor, and make our farmers  
independent and prosperous. In  
bedding and planting the work was  
done perfectly, the plant beds were  
of uniform size and shape, and the  
stands of cotton perfect. In this  
section the machine does the work of  
seven men and mules as per usual  
method, and does the work far bet-  
ter. The machine in chopping not  
only cultivates the entire surface of  
the field, but supplies loose soil  
around the stand plants, thus at once  
 hastening plant growth. This now  
explains to us the advanced growth  
and development of the plants chop-  
ped by the machine; it is two weeks  
in advance of that left to be chopped  
by the old slow hand method. The  
machine executes its work in this  
with precision and rapidity and does  
the work of from twelve to fifteen  
men with hoe in hand. In cultiva-  
ting, the work is thoroughly done,  
the soil is loose and the work as

well with any other implement  
known to us. Mr. H. C. Smith has  
already estimated and stated to you  
and to other gentlemen seeking in-  
formation, that the cost (entire) of  
cultivating cotton by your plan does  
not exceed on this plan \$2.20 per  
acre. We estimate that each of these  
machines, six machines have saved  
to us the reduction of extra labor and  
teams, which otherwise would have  
been necessary, \$5 per day or \$180  
per week, equal to \$3,600 for the peri-  
od of 20 weeks. Therefore we have  
said to you and others, that no plan-  
tation, by the old method, can com-  
pete with me in producing cheap cot-  
ton with profit. We now need only  
a cotton harvester, which I am sure  
will come in the near future and the  
southern planters will be released  
from tramp labor. Then the wealth  
and prosperity of the South will be  
one of the marvels of the age. With-  
out disaster we will make 2000 bales  
on this place this season."

## STATE NEWS.

The Opelika Democrat is conten-  
plating publishing an afternoon edi-  
tion.

Three murder cases in Hale coun-  
ty have been continued to next term  
of court.

The Opelika Democrat says the re-  
sult of the recent election was per-  
fectly satisfactory.

Alexander City is to be a court  
house town. Hereafter one week of  
each court will be held there. The  
citizens are preparing to erect a suit-  
able building.

The preliminary trial of Andrew  
J. Bachelor, for the killing of Will-  
iams, was concluded Wednesday at  
Columbia. Bail was fixed at \$8000,  
which was promptly given.

There is no doubt but that the far-  
mers of Autauga county are making  
the most determined and judicious  
effort this year to become more in-  
dependent of the outside world than  
they have made in many years.  
—Prattville Progress.

A Dallas county farmer sold ten  
bales of cotton on Tuesday evening  
at 10 1/2 cents. It is needless to say  
that he is a member of the farmers'  
Alliance, and makes his supplies at  
home, and is therefore able to hold  
his crop until prices suit him.—Sel-  
ma Mirror.

It is now reported, on reliable in-  
formation, that the projectors of the  
Pensacola and Memphis railroad  
have abandoned the route by the  
way of Healing Springs, and will  
now fall back on their first survey,  
and cross the Tombigbee river at Tus-  
caloosa Landing.

It seems that Sumter county cows  
make their own butter. The Liv-  
ingston Journal says: Mr. Dow  
Norvill has a fresh milk cow, one  
of whose teats failed to yield milk.  
Upon investigation by introducing a  
knitting needle, he found the orifice  
in the teat clogged by a lump of but-  
ter. He says that always had been  
her best test.

Henry Rice, the negro who killed  
Wince Olive and John Hollis, both  
white, on or about the 1st of April,  
1888, was captured last Saturday in  
Guthrie, Ky., by Mr. M. A. Rooney,  
a member of the Henderson, Ky.,  
police force. Mr. Rooney arrived here  
Tuesday with his prisoner, who is  
now safely lodged in jail, the reward  
offered for Rice's capture was \$200.  
—Florence Wave.

A Chicago banking house has twice  
written to our county treasurer, re-  
cently, inquiring whether Sumter  
county has any bonds for sale, or  
will soon issue any. Fortunately our  
county has no bonds for sale, has  
none outstanding, and does not con-  
template issuing any. It pays as it  
goes and has a little surplus on hand,  
and its delinquent tax list embraces  
less than a dozen pieces of property.  
—Livingston Journal.

At a recent meeting of the Hale  
County Farmers' Alliance a resolu-  
tion was passed to the effect that the  
members of the organization would  
not use jute bagging to wrap their  
cotton in next season, even though a  
substitute cost more. There are be-  
tween 500 and 600 farmers in Hale  
who belong to the alliance, and this  
action on their part will cut a con-  
siderable figure in the sale of jute bag-  
ging in Greensboro next fall.

On Wednesday night last one of  
the worst scared families in Selma  
was that of Mr. C. Kuhne. That  
evening they had secured a dainty  
lot of crawfish for supper, which it  
is said must be constantly stirred while  
cooking. This was done, but the  
cook being called away, that duty  
was assigned to a small boy. When  
supper was announced the family re-  
paired to the table with keen appe-  
tites, but after eating a small quan-  
tity of the shellfish they all began to  
get very sick. This being universal,  
inquiry was made in the kitchen,  
when it was developed that the small  
boy had used, in stirring the boiling  
pot, a paddle used by Mr. K., for  
stirring glue and paints. The fam-  
ily at once sent for Dr. John McKin-  
non, believing themselves to be poi-  
soned. For a while chaos reigned in  
that family. Crawfish may be good,  
but very few people partake of such  
delicacies, and when they do we  
would advise them to leave out the  
glue and paint.—Selma Times-Mail.

It is claimed that colery is a sure  
cure for rheumatism; indeed, it is as-  
serted the disease is impossible if the  
vegetable be cooked and freely eaten.  
The fact that it is always put on the  
table raw prevents its therapeutic  
powers from being known. The col-  
ery should be cut into bits, boiled in  
water until soft, and the water drunk  
by the patient. Serve warm with  
pieces of toasted bread, and the pa-  
tient will soon yield. Such is the  
declaration of a physician who  
has again and again tried the experi-  
ment, with uniform success.

## A BOOMER WITH A HISTORY.

Ninety Years Old, Married Nine Times  
and the Father of Twenty-Seven  
Children.

DEXTER, TENN., April 19.—Jere-  
miah Coughlan, aged ninety years,  
arrived in the city last night from  
Arkansas. Coughlan is en route to  
the Oklahoma country. He is well  
preserved and in the possession of  
all his faculties. Coughlan has been  
married nine times and has a pro-  
geny of twenty-seven children, all of  
whom he says are alive and in good  
health. He is accompanied by four  
sons, John, the eldest, being sixty-  
one years of age. Coughlan carries  
with him a Kentucky squirrel rifle  
which has been in his possession for  
over forty years. He said: "My  
eye sight is as good as ever, and last  
spring I killed a wild turkey gobbler  
on Bench river at a distance of forty  
yards."

Coughlan was for a number of years  
on the waters of the Missouri river,  
in the service of the Northwestern  
Fur company. He was a companion  
of Daniel Boone, the renowned pa-  
triarh of Kentucky. He trapped in the  
Black Hills and for a number  
of years followed the fluctua-  
tions of savage life, being a member  
of the Aridkara tribe. He remem-  
bers very well Jim Beckwith, who  
was chief of the Crow nation and  
hero of frontier romance. Coughlan  
was also a soldier under Gen. Kear-  
ney and made the trip with him  
across the plains to California.

In 1850 he was captured by a war  
party of Ogallalla Sioux near Fort  
Laramie, adopted into the tribe and  
married the daughter of the chief.  
He was present at North Platte, Neb.,  
when Gen. Sherman made his fam-  
ous trip with the Sioux. Coughlan  
left the frontier and moved to Arkan-  
sas at the outbreak of the great civil  
war, but did not participate in it.  
He says that he feels he is good for  
many years yet, and expects to culti-  
vate a farm in Oklahoma. Coughlan  
is of Scottish-Irish parentage.

## WILLS VALLEY BOOM.

Another New Town to be Located And  
Pushed.

Birmingham, Ala., April 21.—It is  
stated on good authority that a deal  
has been about consummated by  
which a syndicate of New York and  
New Orleans capitalists will acquire  
possession of a tract of equal land of  
100,000 acres, situated north and west  
of Collinsville and Fort Payne. The  
property will at once be developed  
and a new town will be started in the  
center of the tract. O. T. Holmes  
engineered the deal.

## Skin Cancer.

Swift's Specific has cured a cancer  
on my face, and has almost made a  
young man of me.

T. J. TEATE.

Waco, Tex.

A servant has been afflicted many  
years with a cancer on her nose,  
which resisted all treatment. She  
has been cured entirely by Swift's  
Specific.

JOHN HILL.

Thomas Ga.

Swift's Specific has cured my can-  
cer, which was very bad. I am now  
in fine health—never better. Have  
gained 25 pounds since I began tak-  
ing Swift's Specific.

R. S. BRADFORD.

Tiptonville, Tenn.

A young man near this town had  
an eating cancer on his face, which  
had destroyed his nose and was eat-  
ing towards his eyes. As a last resort  
I put him on Swift's Specific, and it  
has cured him entirely sound and  
well.

M. F. CHUMLEY.

Oglethorpe, Ga.

My father had for years an eating  
cancer on his under lip, which had  
been gradually growing worse until  
it had eaten away his under lip down  
to the gums, and was feeding itself  
on the inside of his cheek, and the  
surgeons said a horrible death was  
soon to come. We gave him nine  
bottles of Swift's Specific, and he has  
been entirely cured.

W. B. LATIROP.

South Easton Mass.

Swift's Specific is entirely a veget-  
able medicine which has ever cured  
Blood Poison, Scrofula, Blood Hur-  
mors and kindred diseases. Send for  
our books on Blood and Skin Dis-  
eases, mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.

Drawer 3, Atlanta Ga.

ELLIS & STEVENSON

Attorneys at Law,

Jacksonville, Alabama.

Cheap Money.

As correspondent of the Loan Co.,  
of Alabama, I can offer money on  
improved farms at reduced rates.

H. L. STEVENSON.

July 14th

Jacksonville Planing Mill.

Dressed Lumber of all kinds, such as floor-  
ing, ceiling, weatherboarding, etc., always on  
hand. Orders filled quickly. Address  
JACKSONVILLE PLANING MILL,  
Jacksonville, Alabama.

JAS. HUTCHISON

HAIR DRESSER AND BARBER,

(Jacksonville Hotel.)

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

B. G. McCLELEN,

County - - - Surveyor

Alexandria, Ala.

# HAMMOND & CROOK.

## STILL TO THE FRONT!!!

Having added to our general line of Goods a large stock of

Clothing, Dress Goods, Notions,

and many Specialties, we defy competition in prices.  
Our friends are specially requested to call and examine prices. "A dime  
saved is a dime made."

Dry Goods, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Hardware,

NEW ORLEANS SUGARS and SYRUPS, BEST RIO COFFEES,  
Roasted and Green, COLOGNE and IMPERIAL TEAS,  
CALIFORNIA FRUITS & VEGETABLES, BACON  
LARD, HAMS & BEEF, PICKLES, CHOW  
CHOW and SAUCES.

FLOUR, MEAL & BRAN.

Call and see us, and we will please you in prices and what we have not on  
hand will order at once. Our motto, "short profits and quick sales."

STRICTLY FOR CASH,

and intend keeping everything in the Family Grocery line.  
Country produce taken in exchange for goods.  
We tender thanks to friends for past favors and solicit a further trial.  
sept 29-11 HAMMOND & CROOK.

## Guanos, Guanos.

THE CELEBRATED

ATLANTA AMMONIATED SUPER PHOSPHATES,

AT

## CROW BROS.

Testimonials of the best farmers in Calhoun county given who used this  
guano last year. A large lot of Tennessee Rust Proof Oats on hand. New  
York Seed Potatoes, Peerless, Early Rose and Beauty of Hebron. Give us  
a call when you come to town.

## E. G. MORRIS & SONS

MORRISVILLE, ALABAMA.

Founders and Machinists and Practical Millwrights.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

MORRIS TURBINE WATER WHEEL.

Superior in many points to any other wheel now manufactured.

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

AGENTS FOR THE

## EUREKA WHEAT CLEANING MACHINE

Our Mr. E. G. Morris, senior member of the firm, has an experience of  
forty-three years as a practical mill-wright and has given the highest satis-  
faction wherever he has undertaken work. The firm will take contracts to  
build or repair Mills and other Water Powers generally. Estimates furnished  
for new work or repairs on application.

We refer to any parties now using our Wheel as to its durability, effi-  
ciency and simplicity of parts. It is composed of very few pieces and is cheaper  
than any other first-class wheel on the market. All work given us, pushed  
to completion with dispatch and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders and cor-  
respondence solicited.

\$8,063.50 TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

THE MAMMOTH TWELVE-PAGE

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To increase the circulation of the WEEKLY EDITION, already the largest in Alabama, to  
THE LARGEST IN THE SOUTH!

THE AGE-HERALD offers the most liberal and extensive number of useful and valuable  
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These 1137 Gifts are all useful and valuable, no one worth less than \$1. the regular subscrip-  
tion price, while many are worth \$5.00 and some \$10.00 each, among which are silver  
town and city pins, one \$50.00 Piano, one \$100.00 Organ, two Registered Jersey Bulls, Farm Im-  
plications, Fine-proof, 14c Gold and Silver Watches, 5-ton Farm Scales, Fertilizers, Imported Bread-  
making Cakes, Cakes and 5000000 Silverware, Registered Patents ready for use, Standard Books,  
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Send ONE DOLLAR and Get the Best Paper in America!

FOR THE FARMER, with its Agricultural Department;  
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THE HOUSEHOLD, with its Splendid Magazine of Reading for the Fireside.

Each paper subscriber, singly or in clubs, and every renewal for one year, receives a ticket in  
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Agents wanted to carry out this plan. Send for circulars to the Mammoth Twelve-Page  
WEEKLY AGE-HERALD, the Cheapest and Best Newspaper in America. Send for Agents  
Circulars and Sample Copies, which will be furnished FREE  
ON APPLICATION. Here is the best chance for profitable employment ever offered.  
The Distribution will positively be made on the day announced, MONDAY, JULY 1, 1889,  
and will be done under the supervision of a committee of well-known citizens of Birmingham.

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JUST received a magnificent line of hol-  
iday goods; Comb and Brush sets, Work-  
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and Gentlemen, Push and Morocco Bound  
Photographs and Autograph Albums, Post-  
card, Standard Juvenile and Gift Books, Serp-  
book, Bible, Prayer and Hymn Books, Pic-  
tures, Memorabilia, Yarns, Brownies, Gaiety  
Books, Toys, Fancy Stationery in Push Boxes  
and a great variety for Christmas, Birthday  
and Wedding Presents.

Pianos and Organs from different manu-  
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prices.

6000 ROLLS OF WALL PAPER

and Borders, at greatly reduced prices. Sam-  
ples sent on application.

sept 29-11

# THE Jacksonville Republican

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OLD DEMOCRATIC ORGAN  
—OF—

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—IN ITS—

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SUBSCRIPTION, - \$1 PER ANNUM.

With its incesseing years it recog-

nizes its increased responsi-

bility to patrons, and the

present year will be

more bright and

newsy.

All and much more will find a place in its columns. Its aim will be to

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Now is the Time to Subscribe.

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prices. Give us a call, and be convinced.